Special Naval and Military Number.

# Modern Life

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CLEVERLY ILLUSTRATED, WITTY AND BRIGHT.

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ANOTHER NAVAL AND MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

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## ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

*(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")*

### The Sea-King and His Consort.

Welcome to the King and Queen of Denmark, who, between them, can put up more inches than any other couple amongst the crowned heads of Europe. Their visit will give immense pleasure to Queen Alexandra, at any rate. Her Majesty has already had some dozen of her Danish relations over in London during the last year, notably young Prince Erik, who had such a pleasant time down at Fairford learning English methods of farming—and flirting! Well, well, there's no harm in a little fun, even if you *are* a Royal prince. Our own princes have dull enough times of it, anyway. No wonder they are always so keen upon being a few hundred miles away from Buckingham Palace! Let's hope they won't follow the invariable rule, and grow obstreperous as soon as they are of age, free of the parental lecturing, and have separate establishments of their own.

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### The King's Favourite Son.

One of Prince Albert's naval friends tells me His Royal Higness is already sighing for the day when they will make him Duke of York (which will be on the 14th of December, 1916), and thus put him entirely "on his own." Prince Albert will continue to follow the sea for many years to come, and will probably not trouble about an establishment in Town, but he will have a flat to himself, and a shooting box in the country. Prince Albert is his father's favourite son, chiefly, perhaps, because he resembles the King more than any of the others, but also because he is the friskiest of the Royal litter, and a dog who is certain to "have his day!"

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### The Danish Sovereigns en Famille.

But to the Sea-King and his Consort! King Christian has so far made no history, but the great days of Denmark are over, and she is but the shell of her former self. King Christian is, however, Queen Alexandra's nephew, and son of that beloved brother, King Frederick, who died so tragically in the street at Hamburg just two years ago. King Christian married a Princess of Mecklenburg, and has two sons, Prince Frederick, who is fifteen, and Prince Knud, who is fifteen months younger. King Christian's next brother is the popular King Haakon of Norway; another brother, Prince Harald, married a Princess of the Danish family, and is the only member of the Danish Royal family to-day who is providing that dynasty with babies. Until Princess Harald gave her husband a little daughter four years ago there hadn't been a baby in the nursery at Charlottenlund for many years. Queen Alexandra has always been upon the happiest possible terms with her kin in Denmark, and every year she goes there, where she preserves a separate villa by the sea-shore, and enjoys a couple of months in which to indulge in family and dynastic reminiscences with her august sister, the Dowager Empress Marie of Russia. What a pity King Christian's eldest son is only fifteen! Copenhagen would have made a delightful spot for Princess Mary as Queen of Denmark!

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### State Drives to the Guildhall.

London will turn out in its thousands to see the Danish Sovereigns drive in state to the Guildhall. The visit is a timely one, for there are no politics between Britain and Denmark, and Londoners love nothing better than a state drive, when the Royal visitors are closely related to their own Monarchs. I hear that Queen Alexandra will make a figure at the Guildhall, which would be interesting, for it would be unprecedented on such an occasion. In the days of King Edward several "state drives" attracted the suburbans to the City, but since George Rex came to the Throne there hasn't been one such visit. The last state drive through London to the Guildhall was that of King Manoel of Portugal. King Alfonso had a state drive through London, and great was the admiration shown him. Alfonso is indeed a proud man that day! The only Continental potentate who has figured at the Guildhall in the present reign is President Poincaré, who received a very cheering ovation—especially in *La Petite France*, otherwise Soho.

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### The Bride of the Season.

Now that Lady Betty Bertie is married (and she made the nuttiest bride of the season) the name of Bertie, we suppose, will sink into its usual obscurity. There is, however, another damsel of this name left to the Peerage, Lady Muriel Bertie, who is the only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lindsey, and only remotely related to Lady Betty, who is one of the Earl of Abingdon's daughters by his second marriage. The Berties are one of the oldest families in the Peerage, and they serve to illustrate the strange way in which our Norman nobility tends to slowly disappear. The Earls of Abingdon and Lindsey, though personally unknown to each other, belong to the same historic stock, and cannot fail to have a strong family interest in the fate of one another. What follows forms a true romance of the peerage, and those who live longest will see most.

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### Famous Noble Family Runs to Women.

The Berties are one of the real old families who for centuries were Lords of Willoughy de Eresby, Hereditary Lord Great Chamberlains to the Sovereigns of this country. In the reign of the first King Charles the twelfth Lord Willoughby de Eresby, Robert Bertie, was elevated to the Earldom of Lindsey. For King Charles he took his divine right into the van of the fight, and died of his wounds on the battlefield. His eldest son surrendered himself there and then to the enemy, in order to succour his sire in his dying moments, but fought valiantly for King Charles at the subsequent battles of Naseby and Newbury. He was succeeded as third Earl of Lindsey by his eldest son, but by a second marriage he had another son who was created Earl of Abingdon, and became the ancestor of the pretty bride at the Brompton Oratory the other day.

The romance of the story now follows. All through these centuries the Berties of the senior branch (the Earls of Lindsey's family) have persistently run to women, and to-day there isn't in the world a single male to inherit Lord Lindsey's titles, except that branch of the family, the Berties of Abingdon, who were separately ennobled in the days of the Stuarts!

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### The Passing of the Earls of Lindsey.

This is a genealogical phenomenon which has been more than once pointed out in these pages. Moreover, our King George I. raised the then Earl of Lindsey to be Marquess of that title and Duke of Ancaster and Kesteven, and the Lindseys of this title made the Dukedom famous for about a hundred years, and then allowed it to become extinct for want of male heirs. The present Earl of Lindsey went out to Australia as an A.D.C. to a Governor of that colony, "married," fell in love with a damsel from "down under," and settled down on his broad acres at Stamford. Perhaps he thought that a little "fresh blood" in the family might arrest its threatened extinction.

It didn't, however, for the only child born of this romantic union is the before-mentioned Lady Muriel, who was twenty-one a few weeks ago, and in whose honour there were great doings at Uffington House. Lord Lindsey is the twelfth Earl, and the last of the title, as when he dies it goes to a very remote relation, the Earl of Abingdon, and will henceforth be forgotten by Society. Strange to say, a similar fate has been nearly that of the Abingdon family, for Lord Abingdon has four daughters and three living sisters, and the male Berties could almost be counted on the fingers of the two hands.

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### Scotching a Scandal.

No one can say *Modern Life* hasn't done its best to warn confiding folk against the subtle arts of the fraudulent Count and Baron from Germany and elsewhere. But the impudence goes even further than Counts and Barons.

of the average British business man or woman is sufficient to keep them clear of being imposed upon by the Continental vermin who swank around the skirt-tails of London society as Papal or German nobility, or some other variety of title; but that very insularity which breeds suspicion in the mind of the Britisher is the very element which sometimes leads him completely astray. The Britisher's contempt for a foreign Baron is only equalled by his admiration for the Home variety, for which, as our readers know well, there is the best possible reason. The nobility of Britain are the most honourable and chivalrous tribe in the world. Even in business circles, where peers are often to be met, they are more often swindled themselves than they are the swindlers. So it is with the baronets—who are merely the lesser order of British nobility. But the baronets, unfortunately, are not quite so immune. Hence this further warning.

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**One Thousand Baronets and a Few Bounders.**

The Baronetage was established by King James I., and for three hundred years it has furnished some of the most distinguished men who have ruled this country—Sir Robert Peel, for instance, whose descendant, the present Sir Robert, has had so many queer ups and downs in the course of his forty-five years, albeit his mother was a daughter of the eighth Marquess of Tweeddale. And there are others! During those three centuries a great number of the bearers of historic titles have become so impoverished that they have preferred to drop their titles altogether, and seek fresh woods and pastures new in Australia and America. To-day the Baronets are roughly one thousand in number, and it is pretty difficult for the uninitiated to say who is and who is not a baronet when a long pedigree is put forward. Three centuries, in fine, have been long enough to introduce some very wretched scandals into this order of nobility, and so thoroughly was the Bloody Hand besmirched that in the dawn of the present century the resentment of the majority of the baronets made it manifest that the time had come for "something serious" to be done!

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**Why the Official Roll has Never Appeared.**

The initiative fell to Admiral Sir Lambton Lorraine, who represents one of the oldest families in the Baronetage, and at his instigation a body called the "Honourable Society of the Baronetage" sprang up, who determined to inaugurate a movement which should rid the Baronetage of some of the impertinent users of that honourable title. After a long investigation it was found that about sixty persons of doubtful position were using the title of "Sir", and "Bart." with but doubtful rights. After some years Sir Lambton Lorraine's efforts were successful in moving the powers that be to secure the order for the official compilation of the Baronetage, and it seemed likely that within a few years there would be a definite means of ascertaining clearly who were baronets and who were not. Ten years have passed away, but that official Roll of the Baronetage has never appeared. Why not?

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**The Farce by which the Baronets' Society was Placated.**

Because amongst those sixty doubtful baronets there are a goodly number of persons who, being unable to prove their claims, would have to be struck out of an "official" list, and thus lose caste amongst their fellows. Many of these individuals are persons of wealth and position, who are allied by blood to the Peerage, and have therefore tremendous influence. So the official Roll of the Baronetage remains a figment of the imagination, although King George has done his best to see it actually in existence. On February 11th, 1911, the King's Warrant was issued providing for this Roll, and Mr. W. P. Byrne, C.B., of the Home Office, was appointed Registrar of the Baronetage, with Mr. R. F. Reynard, I.S.O., as Assistant Registrar. Yet the bogus baronets are as much to the fore as ever they were!

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**She Won't Go Home in the Dark!**

We are reminded of this fact by the appearance on the contents bills of the evening papers of the lines: "Baronet's Daughter's Remarkable Story," "Married Misery of Baronet's Daughter," etc., etc. This lady, Mrs. Arthur Blake Heinemann, appeared before the Divorce President a few days ago with a woeful story of her husband's ill-treatment, part of which consisted in terrifying her by hanging a dead dog on the garden gate, so that Mrs. Heinemann ran into it at night-time. Now she won't go home in the dark, and desires to be rid of Mr. Heinemann—and the dead dog! When it came to Mr. Heinemann's turn to have his say, his first question to his wife was "You are fond of your social position. You say you are the daughter of a baronet." "Yes," said Mrs. Heinemann, "but he never took up his title. He is Sir William Wasteneys."

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**The Most Picturesque of Our Unhonoured Baronets.**

We mention this fact because we had the honour of "Sir" William Wasteneys' acquaintance twenty years ago, and knew him only under his self-assumed title. He was a really charming fellow, who honestly believed himself to be the bearer of the Bloody Hand, though we were quickly able to undeceive him in regard to the old Wasteneys baronetcy—and told him so! Others have done likewise—the College of Arms, for one, which will have none of him. Nor will any of the other Peerage authorities. The Wasteneys baronetcy had passed into the limbo of forgotten things when William o' that ilk suddenly turned up from New Zealand in 1887, and advertised in the *Times* that he intended henceforth to be known as "Sir William Wasteneys, Bart." We met him soon after and our memories of the "Baronet" are of a curiously lingering character. His life-story proved one of the most entertaining we have ever heard—and the subsequent two decades appear to have been not less interesting in view of his son-in-law's story of how his wife once lambasted her husband with a hunting crop in the village street at Culborne for the edification of the yokels! "Sir" William Wasteneys is certainly one of the most picturesque amongst the unrecognised "baronets" of Britain.

FOLLOWING THE FLAG.

Wearers of the Tunic and the Bare Skin.

"What does it feel like to be on active service, Captain?"
"Just like flirting with a charming woman."
"How so?"
"Well, after a taste of powder one feels very giddy, a feeling which is often followed by reckless action."

### The Blight Upon the Wildes.

Wilde seems to be an unfortunate as well as barbaric name. For twenty years an unpleasant odour has surrounded it, and time only serves to complete its obloquy. We are very glad to be able to congratulate the Rev. Mr. Wilde, the Argyle Square minister, upon his escape from the horrible odium which the fruiterer Reader sought to fix upon him. Twelve months' hard labour is a just sentence for such blackmail, and it was well merited. The woman in the case is, I hear, a Jewess. Argyle Square is a dangerous quarter still. King's Cross is a poisonous place at its best, and most of our readers will recall the case of another clergyman who was put to a great deal of trouble through trying to cleanse this Augean stable some years ago. He caused a woman to be arrested as a harlot, and suffered in consequence, though everybody knows that King's Cross has for years been unhealthily famed in this respect. The murder of Dora Piernick did something to help the police in purifying Euston Road. So did the Rising Sun murder at Somers Town, near by.

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### The Duke of Bedford's Purity Campaign in King's Cross.

But there is still a lot to be done before King's Cross will be the pleasant evening stroll it ought to be. King's Cross enjoys an unenviable notoriety which is centuries old. As far back as 1593 someone wrote of the parish of St. Pancras: "Although true men seldom frequent the same but upon devyne occasions, yet it is haunted of roages, vagabonds, harlettes, and theeves, who assemble not ther to pray, but to wayte for praye, and manie fall into their hands clothed that are glad when they are escaped." In 1819 they thought to purify the parish by building the handsomest classical church in London, but the trick didn't work, and Euston Road remains a tough job for the police, though the last ten years has seen a vast improvement, largely owing to the Duke of Bedford's clearance of one side of the main road, which in due course will make Euston Road one of the finest thoroughfares in the Metropolis.

Thousands of dirty hovels at the back of the road have given place to the Duke's two million pound flat-building scheme, of which you may have heard a word in your life, but which is one of the most remarkable "purification" schemes ever attempted. Already several thousand persons are housed in the Duke's immense flats under strict and wholesome conditions of good behaviour. If cleanliness ranks with Godliness the Duke of Bedford can claim to have made more Godly lives in ten years than a hundred parsons could make in a life-time. You've got to be a very decent sort of person to live under the Duke of Bedford in the Flat-land behind the Euston Road. The Sairey Gamps and Fagins of ten years ago have vanished from St. Pancras like a horrible dream. But the Yiddisher element remain, and against them the Duke can do nothing!

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### The Dues of the Dukes.

Talking about dukes reminds me of an axiom once instilled into me by the Editor—"At any rate we give the Devil his due!" And the unbiased work of the Duke of Bedford reminds me that dukes are not having their due of late. We have had no end of stories of their sufferings at the hands of Mr. Lloyd George, and their kicks and prods and abuse of the unhappy Chancellor of the Exchequer. But we have heard precious little of the good deeds that dukes often perform in secret "blush to find them fame." There was that matter of the Duke of Hamilton's, for instance. He sent a hundred guineas to the quack who, he thought, had cured his gardener of cancer. How many of us would have done that for our gardeners? And the Duke of Hamilton has been left alone by Mr. Lloyd George, either. He has that he has to pinch and screw, like Devonshire and Manchester! Still, he isn't the rich man most of his ducal predecessors were.

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### Descent of the Douglases of Queensberry.

The cancer-quack has gone to jail for six months, but the Duke isn't likely to get his hundred guineas back. Not that that will trouble him. His Grace is one of the bright exceptions, breezy sort, who reminds you much more of his wonderful struggles in the Queen's Navee than of his wonderful ducal pedigree! The Duke's heir is known as the Marquis of Douglas, which serves to remind us of the odd story which accounts for the descent of the Douglases of Queensberry, of whom Lord Alfred is such a conspicuous ornament. The second Earl of Douglas was a rake, one of whose bar-sinister brats was created Lord Drumlanrig, and became progenitor of the Queensberry family of to-day. How Queensberry Douglases have kept up the tradition of "Douglas the Rake" we may tell another week. It is a most extraordinary story in the genealogical annals of the Peerage.

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### A Romance of Trade.

The visit to Morley's hosiery works which their Majesties are expected to pay when they go in June to Nottingham (where probably the lace works of the firms of Birkin and Adams will also be inspected), will, in a way, be a great compliment to the hosiery trade, for the history of the business house of I. and R. Morley, of which Lord Hollenden is head, is that of the hosiery industry. The firm had small beginnings, and its rise to one of the largest private concerns in the country is a romance of trade.

The founders were two brothers—John and Richard Morley—men of the highest principle, though keen in business. Springing from old Puritan stock, they were true to family tradition, being in all dealings straightforward, liberal and just. From the first the undertaking prospered, and it has continued to increase until the present enormous dimensions have been reached. John Morley's son was the philanthropist and grand Liberal, Mr. Samuel Morley, father of Lord Hollenden, who was Mr. Samuel Hope Morley before being raised to the peerage two years ago, when

"PULL YERSELF TOGETHER, MIKE, AND GIVE 'IM THE BLOOMING PASSWORD."

Lord Hollenden of Leigh, Kent, this being the name of his property near Tonbridge—now Hall

When, at the close of the eighteenth century, the brothers Morley entered upon the career that was to lead them to fortune, times were unpropitious. England was at war with France, and before this was over there came the now forgotten "Luddite" outrages. Then hosiery was made by Nottinghamshire cottagers in their own homes, and gangs of men broke into houses and smashed the "frames" used, wrongly thinking the frames had caused a fall in wages. Tradesmen and manufacturers were murdered in their homes at night, nobody's life being safe. Yet Morleys' very small warehouse in Nottingham was never attacked.

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### His Majesty's Guests and Would-be Guests.

The announcements with regard to the State balls will raise many hopes only to be rudely shattered. A widespread idea prevails that an individual who has attended a Court will as a matter of course be commanded to a Court ball, but, though he or she may pay his or her respects as often as possible to their Majesties, a ball invitation will not follow. The diplomatic and official classes entitled by right to attend get invitations in the ordinary course of things, a selection is made from the nobility and invitations sent out, and cards are also sent to a number of private individuals. The latter invitations are specially sanctioned by the King, and, as might be expected, the list is curtailed and exclusive.

Some years ago in King Edward's time, a number of people who had attended Court and consequently imagined they had a right to attend a State ball, presented themselves at Buckingham Palace without invitations. But steps were forthwith taken to prevent a recurrence. When the invitations went out for the next ceremonial the Lord Chamberlain enclosed with each a card which had to be shown on arriving at the Palace, and this step effectively put the lid on any further outrageous impertinence.

### Tickets for the Royal Enclosure at Ascot.

Another announcement productive of great disappointment is the statement that Lord Churchill cannot receive after the end of May applications for tickets for the Royal enclosure at Ascot. The intimation is actually a delusion and snare; simply a pitfall for would-be-fashionables anxious to bask in the reflected glory of Royalty, for no application is favourably considered unless it comes from a person of recognised social standing and position. This year tickets for the Royal enclosure are to be distributed with even greater care than previously, and there will be more heartburning than ever. Even now there is a great deal too much staring at the Royal box to please the august occupants, and it is no secret that Royalty would prefer a return to the old order of things, when admission was limited to the élite of society, and everybody knew everybody almost. Racing then was *the* attraction, not, as in these days, the display of costumes, and gazing at Royalty was unheard of.

### The Boyne Court Sweepstake.

We have pleasure in publishing the following letter from Lord Glanusk with reference to our remarks of a fortnight ago concerning the Boyne Court *affaire*:—

Glanusk Park, Crickhowell,
April 30.

The Editor of *Modern Life*.

Dear Sir,—Will you be so kind as to insert in your paper that I know nothing about, nor have any association with the Boyne Court Syndicate.

Beyond the fact that over a year ago I purchased a ticket from a friend on the understanding that it was for a charity, I have no connection of any sort with this Sweepstake. Yours truly,

(Signed) GLANUSK.

(We are still awaiting explanations from Lord Anglesey and his family as to their connection with this business.)

# LIVELY LITTLE LEADERS

## WANTED—AN ARMY!

It is a rather ticklish thing for a journalist to tackle the question of the British Army in a free and outspoken manner, for he is almost bound to offend somebody. Still, I go on the principle in these articles of candidly speaking my mind, with the permission of my respected Editor (who, I may tell you in confidence, reader, doesn't always agree with me), and I think that is the only sort of writing that is worth reading in these up-to-date days. I prefer to leave it to nice "respectable" papers, like the *Times* and the *Spectator*, to spoof the dear old public by getting up on a high and mighty pedestal and hypocritically pretending with the loftiest eloquence that everything in the garden of England is lovely, so long as the public purchase the so-called "authoritative" newspapers that are usually written by very clever people who know about as much of the world as I do of Timbuctoo.

And the recent pother about Ulster and the Army has told us very realistically that things are not quite as they should be—not quite, for instance, as Wellington or Kitchener would have liked them to be. And these are the men who must be accepted as the proper and best type of Army-ruler if the British Army is to hold its own among the nations of Europe in the years of European trouble and wars that are bound, sooner or later, to come. Lord Kitchener, under whom I had the honour and pleasure of serving in South Africa, had (and has) one great rule which he puts above everything else in military matters—the rule of discipline. He will tolerate almost every lapse that a soldier can make—wine, women, and song, and all the other little fripperies of a soldier's career—but lack of discipline and disobedience to orders are to him, and rightly, the cardinal sins. The idea of Kitchener having any political opinions when it came to a question of the Army obeying or disobeying orders is quite unthinkable to all who know him. And those of us who knew him and his ways in South Africa have only one wish with regard to the recent Army crisis—that Kitchener had been at the War Office in supreme command when the first talk of rebellion at The Curragh commenced; for then there would most assuredly have not been one officer in the British Army, general or subaltern, who would have dared to utter one word in opposition to the disciplinary methods upon which Kitchener was brought up, and which he would never hesitate to enforce even at the cost of court-martialling and shooting, if necessary, the most highly-placed officer in the British Army. That is where Kitchener's strength lies, and that is where his school of officers are so infinitely superior to the school of the soft-nosed, baby-nursing type (like Lord Roberts in his dotage) that made Roberts smiled at in South Africa by the whole of his men, and that makes of the desperate game of soldiering a sort of mixture of a drawing-room and a crêche. I would even go so far as to say that, if Lord Kitchener had had his way, even Lord Roberts himself would long ago have been court-martialled for the way in which, to the sorrow of all who remember him in his palmy days, he has encouraged in a most open manner the political rebellion of British officers.

And here let me point out, as illustrating the point to which I am coming, that Lord Kitchener is the very antithesis of the popular conception of the British officer as an aristocratic, fox-hunting, lady-killing, small-brained, recklessly brave sort of man. Kitchener is the very opposite of all this, and always was, even in his subaltern days. He does not belong to the "swagger" class of people from whom our officers have in the past been drawn, and he has always been more or less disliked by this class of officer. He is a middle-class, democratic soldier, who has always taken his profession with intense seriousness, and who, be it remembered, if it were not for the fact that he is a man of enormous strength of character and a born army-leader, would long ago have been sent to Coventry by the "swagger" brigade of officers who have too long held sway in the Army. The officers of the Army don't like Kitchener, although they daren't say so; they fear him with an ungodly fear that would have saved the situation if he had been in authority during the recent lamentable state of affairs. But with all his discipline Lord Kitchener has a wonderful amount of solid common-sense and an utter absence of "side" that cause him to be deeply revered by every non-commissioned officer and Tommy in the Army, for they have a boundless faith in his type of officer such as they never for a moment have in the lady-killing, drawing-room, fox-hunting type, however brave the latter may be. The truth is that soldiering is to the non-commissioned officer and the Tommy a desperately serious profession, just as it is to Kitchener, which is why they get on so well together, and it is only by encouraging his type of democratic, middle-class officer, with no "side" or bunkum, that the British Army can be put on a proper footing in these democratic days.

And then there are the Colonies to be considered. The South African War taught us that at all costs we must look on to the support of the Colonies in military matters. I don't think there is much doubt that we should have been defeated by the Boers if the Colonies had not come to our assistance. And whatever may be the differences about Imperial politics in those far-off lands, whatever may be their opinion of the British Army as an organisation of fighting machine, there is no doubt about one thing—that the Colonies will reach the utmost limits of contempt of which they are capable with regard to many things in England if they see for a moment any signs of the people of England tolerating dictation by a set of cavalry officers or any other officers. To put it in plain words, the Colonies have no use at all for the class type of British officer, and they look with ridicule upon the fact that our Army is officered largely by an aristocratic clan whose first idea of soldiering is that it is a social function, and whose only idea of officering is that it is a special preserve of the classes against the masses, wherewith rich young "bloods" without brains can acquire a lot of importance, and, in time of war, a little glory that is in reality manufactured for them by the non-commissioned officers and men who have to bear the brunt of all warfare. That is the way in which the Colonies look upon our officers—with many exceptions, of course—and it is the way in which everybody who fought in the South African War looks upon them, although he may be afraid to say so openly. The consensus of opinion among those who really know from practical experience on the battlefield is that the average British officer is nothing like the capable officer that the average sergeant or sergeant-major would make if he had the chance of coming to the front. Over and over again did we see, during the South African War, officers consulting their sergeants as to the best thing to do in order to get out of some hole or other. But, of course, the officers as a rule got all the credit if things turned out all right—although it is equally true that they had to bear the blame if they turned out all wrong. At the battle of Nooitgedacht, for instance, where I, with some five hundred others, was taken prisoner, the only two or three officers who were among the prisoners were utterly incapable of looking after the interests of their men—their rights as prisoners of war. One of them spent a good deal of his time, on the day we were taken prisoners, in crying, presumably because he had made such a devil of a mess of things. Several of the officers had left their troops and had escaped to Pretoria—although not one sergeant was missing among the whole of the five hundred prisoners, except, of course, those who had been killed or wounded.

The "bloods" have got bravery—lots of it and to spare—but when it comes to brains and resource they cut a sorry figure, although you will not find all this in the official history of the War, or perhaps in any other history that is concocted and doctored for the benefit of the sacred traditions of the British schoolboy.

The finest officers, and the most successful, in the South African War, when there was genuine work to be done, were the Australian and Canadian officers, who belonged to exactly the same class as that from which Lord Kitchener came. And on what principle did they act as officers, and get the worship and obedience of their men? Not by clothes. Not by "side." Not by being lady-killers. Not by being particular to get shaved every morning on active service. Not by ordering their servants to get eggs from the poultry farms so that with the whites of eggs their leggings could be beautifully polished. Not by demanding to be saluted a hundred times a day, or indeed at all. Not by refusing to have a drink with their men. Not by cursing and bullying. By none of these things; but by being men among men, equals among equals, people-leaders of people-squadrons, leaders, in a word, of the democratic, Colonial section of the British Army that won the South African War; that won it not by asking whether the war was just or unjust, but by following the only possible tradition for a soldier—the tradition that to obey orders at all costs is the be-all and end-all of his existence when wearing the uniform of the King.

Jonathan Grub Street.

# PLAIN SPEAKING.

The way in which political affairs are arranged and rehearsed, as it were, behind the scenes, and then performed in Parliament for the entertainment and spoofing of the public, was never perhaps more impudently illustrated than when Mr. Winston Churchill ended his very fierce speech by mildly saying that if Sir Edward Carson would say what he wanted for Ulster and would promise to encourage Federalism all would be well. It was quite evident that the little play had been rehearsed beforehand by the leading actors on both sides, and also by the Cabinet. It was all part of the very obvious game by which both parties fly desperately at each other's throats for the benefit of the public, and then arrange things and the development of affairs in their own back-gardens. Once it became obvious that the Government would, if it came to it, smash Ulster with all the force of the Army and Navy, the Carsonites began to cave in, recognising that the game was up. Once it became evident that there was going to be a devil of a rumpus and a lot of shooting in Ireland, and general unrest in England (quite apart from what is called Civil War) the Cabinet began to cave in with a suggestion of more concessions. The undoubted truth is that both parties are most horribly terrified at the prospect of any kind of civil fighting in Ireland or anywhere else, and will do anything to avoid it now that the moment approaches to put their words into deeds. What bunkum all the speeches of the last few years look when you stare the thing in the face like this! The plain truth is that the British public, notwithstanding all the newspapers, know practically nothing about the way the Irish question, and all other really big constitutional questions, are settled behind the scenes by the gentlemen who are so fond of flying at one another in public in pursuance of the pretty game of party politics.

* *

The sale of advowsons in the Church has long been a crying scandal, but one hardly thought the state of affairs was so bad as has just been reported by a committee consisting of the Duke of Rutland, Lord Hugh Cecil, and Sir C. Walpole. If this is the way in which things are managed it looks as if Disestablishment in England ought to be the next thing on the rota, and above all the disestablishment and disintegration for evermore of some of the funny ministers of religion who behave as this report says many of them do behave. There are, it seems, quite a whole lot of what are called "purchase clergymen," and this is how some of them "carry on": Old, incompetent clergymen are put into a benefice to "keep it warm" for a youngster who is not yet a parson, but for whom the living has been purchased. There are cases of empty churches, neglected graveyards, no churchwardens, and notoriously evil-living parsons, in full charge. One vicar is engaged as a dentist all week, and only attends his church on Sundays. He pays another to do the funerals, and weddings, and christenings. One parson is reported to be always drunk, and frequently unable to preach. Another is in debt up to his neck and has been twice a bankrupt. Another is a commercial traveller and only visits his parish at week-ends. That is all we have space for, but there are lots more of them. Great Scott! it's worse than politics, isn't it?

"Yer know why they call us tars?"
"Dunno. 'Cos you pitch the tale so well, I s'pose."

It seems to be more and more evident that, whatever may be the result of the Irish bother, Mr. Bonar Law is about at the end of his tether as the Conservative leader. Indeed, those behind the scenes know quite well that he is considered to have been a ghastly failure as the successor of men like Disraeli and Balfour, and it did not need Mr. Balfour's strong speech at Coventry to put the lid on the pot. First, poor Bonar has to bear the ignominy of having the Prime Minister refuse to meet him in conference (whomever else he may meet), because Mr. Asquith, although by no means a proud man, has a perhaps natural objection to being called a liar, and, secondly, because he makes no bones about the fact that he has not a little contempt for Bonar the Business-man as in the same street with an admittedly great and brilliant man like the latest thing in War Secretaries. We remember hearing Bonar speak before he became leader of the Opposition, and he struck us as a quite charming man of the very able Manchester business-man type, but quite unthinkable as a Parliamentary leader. He hasn't got the great, strong individuality and character that characterize, as a rule, coming Prime Ministers. And now he and his methods of settling the Irish question have, to all intents and purposes, been chucked by Mr. Balfour, who appears to be, in reality, a more powerful man than ever.

* *

For an example of arrant snobbery of the most objectionable type, we have seen nothing for a long time to equal the fulmination of the *Bystander* about the Northern crowds that invaded London for the Association Cup Final. The King is rated for "descending from the atmosphere of high politics" to go to a common football match. He is then reminded that a game that brings to London crowds of "the type of human creature who is brought into light by Association football" is not deserving of His Majesty's high patronage. The high and mighty, lordly *Bystander* young man then informs us that: "For my part I never desire to look upon a more distressful sight than was presented in London town on Saturday evening. Huge crowds of nondescript males, about one in six of whom appeared sober." We are then asked: "How long will the capital stand this annual insult at the hands of the scum of the provinces?" To all of which we would reply to the *Bystander* young man that we are using our influence at Court to obtain for him a position as Bootblacker, Toekisser, and Creeper-in-General to His Majesty, although we much doubt whether the King would stand such a slobbery sycophant even in these humble capacities.

* * *

An unfortunate "cancer curer" has been made an example of at the Old Bailey, but there are few countries where the quack has such a free hand as the United Kingdom. The advertisement columns of sundry contemporaries teem with quacks' advertisements, some of a most objectionable type, yet, though all are flat-traps, the authorities do not interfere. If a few wholesome examples were made there would be a wonderful decrease in the number of advertisers who rely upon a gullible public for their clientéle.

# MORE OR LESS.

**Rose Dust.**

This is the time for dreams. You see them in everybody's eyes as you go about. The spring puts them there—perhaps they are always there, but the spring wakes them up. Anyway, you can see them peeping shyly at you, like flowers, out of the most prosaic person's eyes. I met a stockbroker the other day, and he started to grumble about the American market, but I saw a little dream peeping out of one eye just the same. And there was one staring too from the face of a frowsy woman who hurried by; and one from the blue eyes of the little typewriter girl who sat opposite me in the 'bus. True, the stockbroker may only have been dreaming of business, and the frowsy woman of gin, while the little typewriter girl may only have been dreaming of the new frock she would have for Whitsuntide. Dreams do not necessarily mean a man or a woman to a woman or a man. Still, on the other hand, if one analysed a hundred dreams—supposing this to be possible—I wouldn't mind wagering that ninety-nine out of the hundred would be concocted mostly of rose-dust, the dust of the roses Cupid discards daily, for fresh ones from his wreath. Even the most solid facts of life generally have a substratum of sentiment. Sentiment is the weak spot on Life's heel.

* * *

**A Man-Woman.**

A most amazing story reaches us from that land of amazing stories—America. A girl has just been arrested there who, for the past ten years, has been living with another girl as her "husband," and passing successfully as a man—to the outside world. The masquerade would probably have never been discovered had not the girl lived up to the nature of the man she impersonated and discarded the first "wife" in favour of another. The first "wife" then gave the game away. There is safety in numbers only when the numbers are neuter. The multiplication table where the sexes are concerned invariably leads to trouble. But fancy any woman living with another woman ten years—for choice! What a waste of time. And in America, too, where the men always play second fiddle to the fair sex! As a matter of fact, any woman in any part of the globe can always find a man to act as policeman and hold up the traffic of life for her. Chivalry isn't dead yet in spite of the suffragettes. A man doesn't swagger about in armour, that's all. But a man doesn't need to look like a tinned sardine before he picks up a woman's glove for her and gives her his seat in a crowded train.

* * *

**Walking Electricity.**

Electrified clothes are the very latest thing out. Instead of an electric brougham the smart woman will now aspire to an electric frock. How jolly when you feel in need of a little extra warmth, just to turn on a switch and get the correct atmosphere. These frocks are frightfully expensive just at present, because the wires have to be woven into the cloth from which are made these new confections. The current is supplied by a small pocket battery, unless you are motoring, when the car provides it. At home, all you have to do is to fancy yourself an electric kettle and connect yourself to the plug in the wall. And yet the cynic will tell you that there is nothing new under the sun. Soon we shall have electric love, and then talk of short circuits.

* * *

**Butterflies All Black**

My dressmaker tells me that pointed fronts are coming in. When I asked her what she meant, she said we were to wear the fronts of our bodices in the same way as we wore them in 1880. When I pointed out to her that I had even been thought of in those prehistoric days, she condescended to show me a picture of an 1880 lady. So far as I can gather a pointed front means a stomacher. Carried out in black jet in the design of a butterfly, my dressmaker informs me that this old-new arrangement looks very well. But I don't for the life of me see why I should wear a black butterfly on my st—— why I should wear a black butterfly where my waist should be.

* * *

**Calf's Head.**

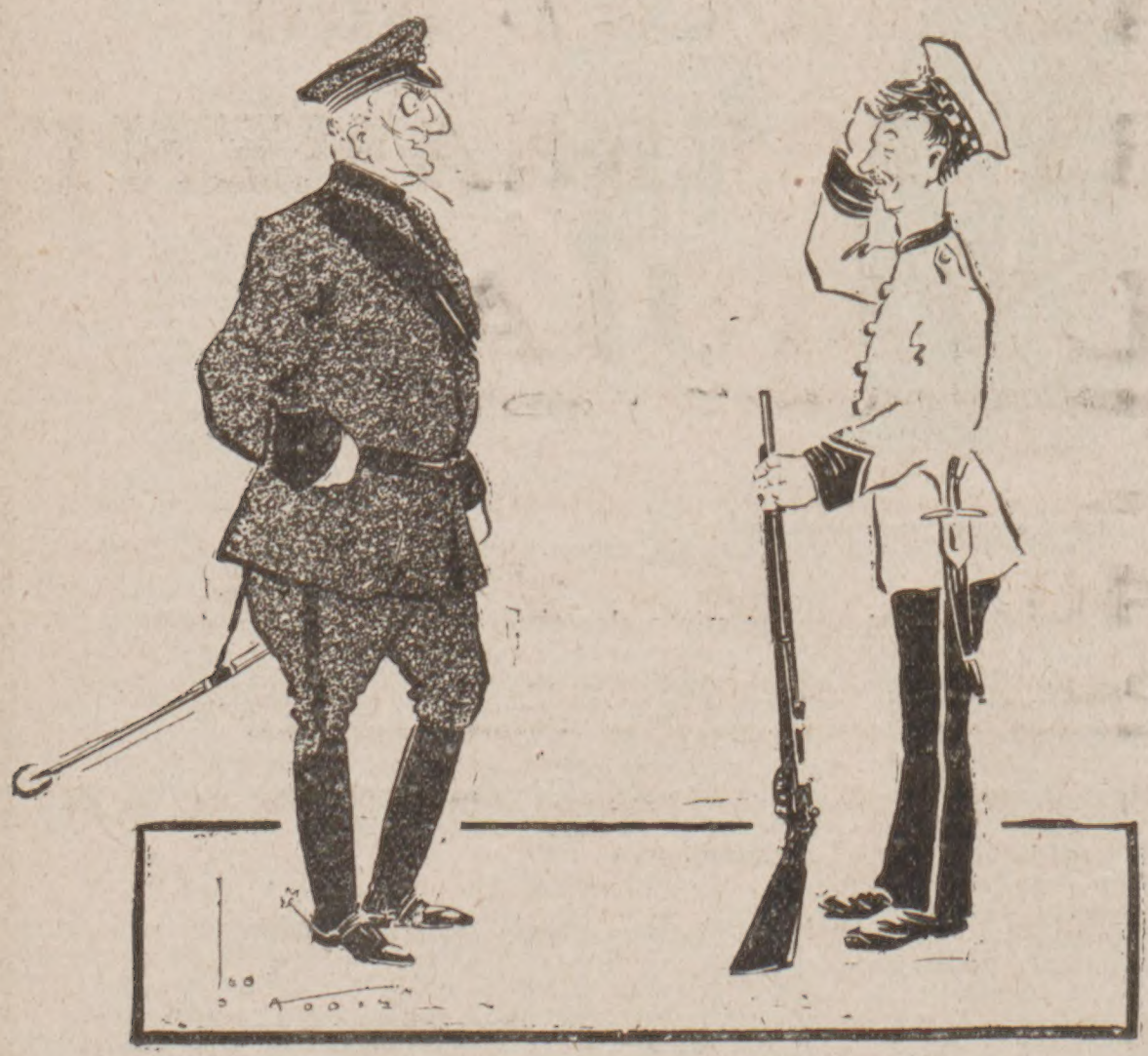
There was a man recently who travelled through one of those countries—I forget exactly which—where a passport is needed, by the aid of a printed menu-card. Every time the officials demanded to see his right-of-way he produced the menu. They gravely perused it to see if the description tallied, and returned it to him. He quite cheerfully admitted that the first dish printed on the menu was calf's head. It is to every man who would own up to such a description even in fun. Men are generally frightfully touchy about their personal appearance, and they think themselves fine-looking men if they are decidedly the reverse. It is our fault, of course. Every woman spoils some man. We have to to get our own way. Flattery is the salt we scatter on the tail of every man living bird. There isn't a man living who can resist it. Samson lost his hair and lots of other men have lost their heads through it. "You women are so deceitful," a man grumbled to me the other day. Of course we are. We have to be. Why, we could never come face to face with ourselves, let alone anybody else. It's a funny thing when you come to think of it, that a woman can never see her own face as it really is. She sees it as the glass gives it back to her, or as she thinks it is: but the real woman never sees her own face. Perhaps it is as well. Illusions are comforting things to have. I don't mean to say that there are not other things in the world better worth hugging. Please don't misunderstand me.

LOUISE HEILGERS.

Life is a grind if you marry a crank.

* *

A word to the wise may be sufficient, but——has anybody discovered which word it is!



The Major (unexpectedly coming face to face with raw recruit on sentry): "Who are you?"

Sentry (who was drafted from over the Border): "Verra weel! Hoo's yersel'?"

# THE WAITING GAME.

The poor wife looked up at the clock, and as she did so smelt a strong smell of burning pastry. Hasty investigation of the contents of the oven convinced her that her triumphant jam-tart was burned at the edges. She deftly scraped away with a knife—and then went back again to her ironing. An hour later she surveyed a cold jam tart with a tear in her eye. Two hours later she had eaten a quarter of it. An hour later she had put her hair in "pins," and enveloped in a flannel dressing gown waited until "he" should arrive. She had been blessed with an irritable mother who had slapped her up from a Board School into a laundry, and felt quite equal to the occasion. At the age of fifteen she had surveyed her mother's and father's assaults-at-arms with all the experienced joy of a blasé Spanish habitué of bull-fights.

At three a.m. she went into the kitchen and had some more jam-tart.

Then she spent a reflective half hour reading about Cabaret night clubs on a piece of newspaper which had come home wrapped round the dripping. A sigh shivered through the frilling of her wrapper. If only she were rich!

The burnt jam-tart mocked her.

Then her husband came in in jerks; the light in the kitchen made him blink.

"Oh, you beast!" she said.

He looked reflectively at her.

"Had a night of it," he said, "Drank more'n I oughtter. But I bin a goo' boy."

"Oh, you wretch!" she replied.

"Watsch matter with you?" he demanded. "'Ere, come and pull my boots off."

When she had put him to bed, boots and all, she came back to the jam-tart, made some fresh tea and ate some more of it. "Wonder what the 'ell I married 'im for?" she asked herself.

* * *

The rich wife ate a peach and pushed aside her wine-glass. "He won't be in now," she thought with a smile. "Well —who cares? I'll 'phone to Geoffrey and get him to take me out somewhere."

She 'phoned, and in less than a quarter of an hour was riding in a taxi beside a handsome man.

"Where is Tom to-night?" he asked.

She laughed.

"Oh, off on the razzle—he's a bit fed up with me, I think. I often envy those poor women whose husbands *always* come home at night. Poor things . . they haven't the money to stop out! Now rich men can do as they like. Oh, I'd rather be a poor man's wife. . . . and loved."

"We'll go to the Cabaret Club," he said. "Sure to be some fun on. We'll try if a Tango and a liqueur won't cheer us up. My wife has gone down into Devon for a few days, so I'm free for a bit, thank heaven."

"She is so good," said the rich wife slowly.

"Yes, and I'm not," said Geoffrey. "It's only the poor who are happy. If I was poor I'd be good too—the devil doesn't give a rich man half a chance. You and I would do well together, Jose."

"Oh, we're good friends," she said evasively.

At three a.m. the rich wife still awaited her husband.

He did not come home at all.

With the dawn she still wrestled with an analysis of her honeymoon and wondered if Geoffrey would cool down like this too?

She wasn't good.

But she dreamed of love in a cottage, and pictured it divine.

* * *

Ten years later the poor wife took in washing.

* * *

Ten years later the rich wife sat up in the same old way . . for Geoffrey.

* * *

Both of them wonder what they married for?

Perhaps for love?

---

The Old 'Un: Pluck, my boy, pluck; first and last, that is the one essential to success in business.

The Young 'Un: Oh, of course, I quite understand that. The trouble is finding someone to pluck.


# ROYAL NAVAL and MILITARY TOURNAMENT

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# WHO, WHY, WHEN AND WHAT.

## LITTLE QUESTIONS FOR PROMINENT PEOPLE.

The name of the New York "special correspondent" who was responsible for the following startling head-lines: "King and Queen Scared During Ulster Crisis. Yacht Kept Ready to Take Royal Children to Norway." And if these Yankee newspapers are run by a staff of professional humorists?

* * *

If Willy Ferrero, the "boy genius" over whom the papers are churning out such a lot of sentimental gush, will eventually go the way of all *enfants prodigues*?

* * *

The identity of the lady styling herself a "psychic medium," who is so persistently besieging General Booth with her attentions, and if he is seriously contemplating some really drastic method of getting rid of her?

* *

Why Lady Muriel Helmsley is so passionately fond of the opera "Parsifal," and if it is associated in her mind with a certain very auspicious and not-easily-to-be-forgotten incident of three years ago?

* *

If Prince Albert's tastes are really so extravagant that he finds himself quite unable to exist on less than £2,000 per annum, and what he does with it all?

* *

If "Teddy" Payne, despite his indisposition, is busy planning out all manner of delicious theatrical surprises for the autumn season?

* *

The identity of the very well-to-do young man-about-town who was so desperately smitten with Elsie Janis on the first night of her appearance in "The Passing Show," and if they have not already been seen about several times together?

* *

Now that the Duke of Marlborough has elected to become his own auctioneer a number of people will claim to be on nodding terms with the aristocracy.

* *

Who were the *crows* whom the *Star* described as "cheering their Majesties all along Buckingham Palace Road," and if the expression was altogether a polite one?

* * *

What becomes of all the rose-tipped cigarettes which Mr. Eric Loder buys from the shop in Bond Street? Has he seen much of Gabrielle lately, and did he give her anything for a birthday present?

* * *

If it was really Seymour Hicks who absent-mindedly poured the champagne into the flower vase at Frascati's the other evening—or somebody uncommonly like him?

* * *

The nature of the interesting "company" case now being tried *in camera*?

* * *

If garters of brilliant hue are now being worn by Frenchmen?

* * *

The identity of the individual calling himself Capt. Walter Rand who has been sending round pamphlets in which he declares that "most of the titled members of the aristocracy are now in possession of one of my wonderful 'Jo stones'," and if he will oblige us with the names of said "titled" people?

* * *

Why it was found necessary to remove the lady fr Belgrave Square to Norfolk Street strapped on ambulance?

* * *

If the story a certain lady journalist is recounting, of she once met the late Duke of Argyll on top of a motor and of the very interesting and remarkable conversa they had together, isn't a complete invention of the lad prolific imagination?

* *

Sergeant-Major (to recruit): "Obeyin' orders is the backbone o' the Army, an' wot you've got to do is develop that backbone and push it to the front."

If it is a fact that lyrics which the Duke wrote in connection with comic opera are being set music by a well-known co poser, and that the public ere long, be given an oppo tunity of judging their merits?

*

The girl who eloped with the wooden-legged man evidently didn't consider it necessary to establish matrimony on a firm basis?

*

If the financial affairs of one of the most recent supper clubs are already in the hands of the Receiver?

*

If "The Legend of Joseph" to be produced at Drury Lane during the Beecham season will add yet another to the long list of bedroom scenes?

*

Why the Duke's son has taken to wearing pale pink neckties, and if it has anything to do with his taste in salmon-trout?

*

Who is the South African mine owner who has been paying such marked attention to Miss Maud Allan? Is it likely to end up with wedding bells, and will the bride's costume consist of something more substantial than beads and orange blossom?

*

If the Censor will be busy" over a certain book which Messrs. Holden Hardingham are about to publish?

* *

If some Members of Parliament are grumbling over the recent deterioration in the popular shilling dinner?

* *

If the actor-manager who has had his photo taken in a bath intends to use it as an advertisement placard for his new play?

* *

If a pupil of a certain South London College is about to appear at the Divorce Courts as co-respondent, and the husband in the case is over seventy?

* *

If the gentleman who paid a surprise visit to Miss Marie Tempest was surprised to discover her darning a stocking with the aid of an orange?

* *

The identity of the English actress who receives such chatty letters from Gaby Deslys, and if a number of people wouldn't give a good deal to be able to have a peep at them?

r. Winston Churchill found himself in congenial y at Wyndham's the other evening?

* * *

at sex is Voo Doo the "Parisienne" serpent dancer Cest Bon," at the Middlesex? I don't mind giving erous odds to anyone who wants to bet on the obvious. ere you are, money for nothing!

* * *

If there is any cryptic meaning in the number which Sir bert Tree has chosen for Liza's taxi-cab in "Pygmalion"?

* * *

So Bombardier Wells is not going to fight Coffey. Per- s he thouht the beverage was too strong for him, and ack", we know that he has taken a dislike to anything —be it men, eyes, or coffee.

* * *

The name of the popular magazine to which Lady marty sent the short story, and if it was returned to her a polite note from the editor explaining that it was a le too "realistic" for the taste of his particular type public?

* * *

A Radical Peer who is very unmistakably "one of the s" is Lord Lyveden. As the Hon. Percy Vernon (the ily name), he has followed a score of different avocations, n actor to soldier and from purser of a "tramp" to lomat. And now he is a director of "Lunn's," where knowledge of the briny doubtless comes in handy. For class of person who goes on "personally-conducted" ner tours loves to have a Peer at the head of the saloon and Lord Lyveden happens to be the most genial n. He was an Eton boy, and the son of a parson and arson's daughter. He is a member of the Green Room the National Liberal, and at Knebworth, where he has living, he has had Lord Lytton and Lord Strathcona neighbours.

* * *

did so many of his famous contemporaries on the field "abstain" from the complimentary dinner to H. T. Douglas? Whether "Plum" Warner's letter egret was couched in terms of the third person singular, whether Archie Maclaren's similar letter of "inability end" put forward the subtle plea that that great ter had "got measles in his house"?

*

"Sayings of the his week's *Observer* is of Mr. Gerald Cumber- reign travel makes thou- ures each year." Three ove this is one that an injured reply from derick Banbury: "I have out of England since hat a mighty traveller in ats he must have been 73.

*

word from the title Alhambra revue as it was y intended to be adver- has been dropped, and the -label "Not Likely!" now reads "Not We notice, however, hat this omission has been counter- balanced by a preponderance of crimson and carmine in the ballet olours.

*

Our re- on its critiques on the exhibition at the Royal seems to have contented quibbles about the choice of titles, and by an uns ringing of the changes the words "pretty," "nice," easant," "gold-framed," and lone," and the *Daily Mail* wails there are no problem pic- not even one from the brush the Hon. John Collier. But this surely an erroneous statement, for Mr. Collier's "Clytemnestra" problem picture, the "Is the Clytem-

nestra of the picture a marble figure, or a living woman?" and secondly, "How has the lady managed to keep so spotlessly clean after her murderous deed", for there is a messy pool of blood at her feet which has run from the loug gory dagger which she holds, but her robes are virgin white?

* * *

Speaking on the proposed amendment of the Blasphemy Laws, the Archdeacon of Surrey expresses the fear that it would immediately be followed by a serious outbreak of profanity in certain quarters. He evidently has his ear inclined towards a famous playwright, who has already helped to popularise certain vulgar words, thus happily robbing them of their one-time deadly effectiveness and offensiveness.

* * *

How long is Signor Marinetti going to beat the big drum?

* * *

Who was the titled lady who recently won £205 on a capital of 5frs. at Cannes?

* * *

What does the C.I.D. man think now of the innocent French miss who led him astray last week? Does he realise only too late that there is such a thing as the watcher being watched? Hasn't he learnt a valuable lesson in keeping a still tongue under all circumstances, and does he think that he can make good the five weeks' hard investigating work on the confidence gang that has been rendered ineffective by the five minutes' diplomatic flattery of the young siren from France?

* * *

If Miss Anna Held has confessed to a friend that she already has fresh matrimonial prospects in view?

* * *

A Chinese proverb: What our forefathers called "the end of the world" we call "the spirit of the age."

* * *

Mr. Sargent's eagerly awaited portrait of Mr. Henry James has met with "slashing" criticism. By the way, when mentioning, some two months ago, the then exclusive news that Mr. Sargent would exhibit this picture at the R.A., we said that it would cause something of a sensation. We pride ourselves on this piece of far-sighted journalism.

**UNDER FIRE.**

**None but the brave deserve the fajr.**

# TABLOID TOPICS.

Real Militant Methods—the Sargent's Mess.

* * *

Is it cutting it too close if Shavian diction is described as barbarous?

* * *

A *Lloyd's* headline: "Arson in Ulster." Most people will "C" the difference.

* * *

Dr. Nickson has been appointed Bishop of Bristol. No relation of Old Nick, we presume?

* * *

A bill has been passed authorising watering-places to flood the country with advertisements.

* * *

Summer dresses are to be in modest tints. It is good to learn that there will be something modest about them.

* * *

According to the *Evening News* gaudy coloured parrots are becoming popular as mantelpiece ornaments. Good Gawd!

* * *

The promised O'Shean of sentiment-cum-politics in the Parnell story is a puddle which should have remained undisturbed.

* * *

Miss Mildred Meffert has sued Signor Caruso for breach of promise to the tune of £20,000. It seems rather a lot for losing a tenor.

* * *

America, we are told, is where most of the bad plays go to when they are dead. And where most of them come from when they are born.

* * *

A police-court missionary discovered that a woman was machining skirts at three-farthings a dozen. In language Shawesque it is a B—lousey rate.

* * *

One of Keats's recently-discovered poems makes one think that he favoured woman's suffrage. One line goes: "O breathe a word or two of fire."

* * *

"After forty years I can recommend married life," says the Lord Mayor of Bristol. But we're taking no risks if it takes as long as that to find it out.

* * *

Mr. Will Evans, the genial comedian, says that we are all funny, although we don't know it. Nevertheless, there are a good many who only think they are funny.

* * *

The 1914 show at the Royal Academy is set down by the *Express* art critic as "a year of tired pictures." Can the public be expected to take an interest in gaping walls?

* * *

"A man who notices that a girl has been eating onions when he is kissing her, hasn't got his mind on his business," says an American girl. Possibly not. But he's got his nose on it.

* * *

The auditorium of the Haymarket Theatre, partially reconstructed and wholly renovated, has a colour scheme of blue. Some theatres are content to confine the colour to the stage.

* * *

Mr. G. Ward Price: "You simply cannot play tennis in a beard." We are very glad to read this, for we have always thought ourselves peculiar for preferring to play it in a tennis court.

* * *

Madame Budanz, wife of a ship's doctor, has become captain of an American liner. A woman should know the ropes when it comes to a question of stays and sheets—to say nothing of births.

* * *

"We produce two things dearest to the heart of the Englishman—fast horses and fair women," says "Irishman," in the *Times*. We agree. The fast horses are pretty fair, and the fair women are pretty fast.

* * *

In a "story" of the Gravesend barber who painted a picture which has been hung on the line at the Academy the *Evening News* declared, in awestruck tones, "To paint a sheep's head he obtained the subject from a local butcher.' Nobody but a genius would have thought of that.

"Love Cheats" is to be produced by Miss [illegible] company, we read. It sounds like a true bit of realism time, eh?

* * *

Advertisement seen outside a Picture Palace in Vale:—"Come and see 'The Tangled Skein.' In reels."

* * *

A deputation of four prominent politicians has left Manchester for Ireland to "study the Irish question." It's a bit late, somehow.

* * *

The *Daily Mail* new serial story is called "Retaliation." For those who did not know, we may add that the old word used to be "Protection."

* * *

"I have never been out of England since 1873," says Mr. Frederick Banbury. But his fellow members of the House of Commons are still living in hope.

* * *

"Education is the release of man from self," says Mr. H. G. Wells. How these great thinkers do wobble about! We had always understood that it was marriage that [illegible]

* * *

At the London Teachers' Association Conference, Mr. Pugh said: "We do not want the crumbs that fall from the table, we want the table." Why didn't he say he wanted the earth, and be done with it?

* * *

The Vicar of Holyhead says he sees no more harm in Sunday golf than in taking a walk on the beach. This pleases us, although we find that stubbing one's toe on a rock is just as likely to make one swear.

* * *

We are told by the Liberal Press that Mr. Bannister, Liberal candidate for Grimsby, is smiling his way through the election. But this method cannot go far against his opponent, who bears the name of Gey Tickler.

* * *

We read that "large green bull-frogs are in the Kansas farms. Some farmers want them to eat, others to hear them sing, while others say they just [illegible] around." We've known married men just like that.

* * *

In a breach of promise case, it is reported that defendant wrote to the girl: "The house is lonely, but we have ten or twelve children you will brighten it." This is what is called looking on the bright side of things, we suppose.

* * *

The *Star* states that Bridge, the one-handed Chorley man, who broke some world's walking records last year, covered in the first hour, 7 miles, 3,362 yards. Of course they put it that way to make it look more, for he only covered 6 miles, 5,122 yards in the first hour.

* * *

Luigi Fraulo, the "Ice King" of the Italian colony in London, has just died, leaving a large fortune. made entirely from ice-cream. What one may call an ice-cream fortune; like so many of those fortunes built up by the toil which vanish as soon as the son gets at them.

* * *

M. Poincaré says that he used to be absolutely certain of doing an addition sum without a mistake. This weakness seems common to many great men; for Mr. Lloyd George is afflicted in that way, and can work out the easiest addition sum correctly. He is poor at subtraction, however.

## "NAP"—VICTOR—MARMONT.

Mr. Napoleon Lambelet, who is bringing to London Samara's Greek play, has been appearing in the Greek capital before the Royal family, accompanied by Mr. Marmont. Surely an odd conjunction of names, Nap—Victor—Marmont! The latter was the Napoleonic marshal, known as "the traitor of Essonne," because a hundred years ago he secretly surrendered his army of 14,000 Frenchmen, thereby rendering Napoleon's abdication inevitable. As for Marshal Victor, he it was who after Waterloo played the base part of president of the court-martial that tried his old comrades in arms during the "White Terror," Samara, the composer of the Greek play above referred to, is not, as you might suppose, a Greek but is Royal composer at the Court of Athens.

**Hostess (to guest who has arrived half an hour too soon): "You are an early bird, Mr. Smythe!"**
**Young Smythe (who means well, but has no tact): "Ah, yes, by jove! By the way, I've caught the worm, what!"**

has been worsted by silk and Satan.

* * *

ne lords love dye young.

* * *

as man who lends money may soon be with-

Biliousness is a liver complaint often mistaken for piety.

* * *

Actresses will happen in the best regulated families.

* * *

A pessimist is a man who has lived all his life with an optimist.

# IN STAGELAND.

With the most wonderful cast that has ever been advertised for any stage within living memory "The Silver King" will be produced at His Majesty's Theatre on Friday, 22nd inst., before the King and Queen and the usual gala crowd of nobility and plutocracy. Irving, Graves, Hicks, Alexander, Tree, Ainley, Lang, Grossmith, Hawtrey, Du Maurier are a few of the men in this production, in which there will be no stars because the ensemble is too magnificent. Among the ladies will be Gladys Cooper, Marie Lohr, Lillah McCarthy and, by no means least, two kiddies, Renée Mayer, and Moya Nugent. Moya was telling me the other evening that her part was very small indeed, but. by way of balm to a wounded soul. she has the consolation of knowing that Oscar Asche, Frederick Ross, Norman Trevor, Walker Whiteside, Norman V. Norman, and a round score of distinguished artists have nothing more to do than walk on.

* * *

Meanwhile things have not gone entirely for the best in every direction, as I was grieved to learn of the serious indisposition of Mr. Dion Boucicault, the producer. At the moment of writing E. S. Willard, who has emerged from retirement to play a rôle for this great occasion only, was acting as Mr. Boucicault's deputy.

* * *

It is good to be able to acknowledge something from America that at last approaches the excellence that the U.S.A. theatrical gentlemen usually claim so loudly and so far in advance of actual presentation. "Potash and Perlmutter" at the Queen's is out of the usual category in that it is an instantaneous success, and was produced with as little of that nauseating bombast (which we have learned so thoroughly to hate) as an average English production. The fact is that some nights in the week—and remember the weather—the house has been unable to hold the money offered. Perhaps a large portion of the credit is due to the producer, George Grossmith, and the English staff. Anyhow, I am glad to see it proved that even Americans can succeed in London if they will allow themselves to be restrained by accredited London brains, and if they will divest themselves for a short time—only a short time—of the "Lick Almighty" attitude which usually undoes them before they are well begun.

* * *

I was chatting to a prominent theatrical American yesterday evening, and he was very informative. I had been told before and could hardly credit that in New York, if the advance bookings are unsatisfactory and the first night is not all it might be, the whole show is washed out, on most occasions, in a fit of sheer panic. This would explain the turning in of "The Poor Little Rich Girl" at the New after eight performances or so in January. Now I question if ever there was a production with a better idea and more fortunate in the pleasing ability of the creator of its two principal rôles, but—there was a gentleman from U.S.A. who had come to see to the proper booming of the show. He had got us all "skinned to death." He had also got [illegible]rrh and the unimportant theatrical convention of his republic thoroughly ingrained. There was nothing much doing in advance booking, nor was the first night notable for much other than that most excellent sign—a cordial audience. Nevertheless our American friends instructed a rush for the emergency exits, and the notices were up for the following Saturday. That Saturday they turned money away. Imagine the riot of their feelings. But what of Stephanie Bell, who played the title rôle with such immaculate beauty? And what of Malcolm Cherry and a thoroughly efficient cast? They didn't deserve it!

* * *

"Magic," "Within the Law," "The Melting Pot," and, much earlier, "The Miracle" at Olympia, immediately suggest themselves as instances of what we should have lost if it were not for our managers' infinitely superior self-confidence, grit and stability. But they don't "shout the odds" about their own personalities.

* * *

Princess Bariatinsky, whose "Anna Karenina" has retained its wholesome dramatic strength during the process of acclimatisation to its new surroundings, held a most interesting reception at the Scala Theatre last Friday. It was called a Russian house-warming, but I cannot give you details as, although invited, I was unhappily unable to attend.

Do, please, be particularly careful not to miss the new, revised "After the Girl" at the Gaiety. I can remember being a little less than non-committal about the show, and remarking that Mlle. Caumont and Miss Mabel Sealby were the giants of the show. They are still there, but there are now also Miss Emmy Wehlen, a leading lady who leads indeed, Will Evans and Miss Gwendolen Brogden. Ah what an immeasurable improvement! There hasn't been a better light musical production in London since I can remember.

* * *

I only hope you will wake up to it, get your very sound money's worth, and enable it the quicker to recover from the results of a sort of desirable but hopeless mediocrity from which it suffered prior to the entry of the live new elements. Miss Wehlen is in wonderfully good form even for her, and I hope sincerely that she can now stay with us to retain her success as queen of English musical comedy never adequately filled till now since the retirement of the never-to-be-forgotten Lily Elsie. We owe Miss Wehlen a great debt. She is rare indeed, and our *jeunesse* need her example so very, very badly that I do so hope she may give us much more of her time, although it is quite clear that she is equally invaluable to the Germans. If you want, in addition, a conception of beauty superior to anything this year's Academy can afford, see Miss Wehlen in that filmy [illegible] blue and white creation in the Carlton set (the last act). Oh, is glad she is not on the stage during the "Whoopsy Daisy" number, that its ugly banality may not detract from one's vivid impression of the picture. Will Evans is just Will Evans, and the best comedy artist in the whole Edwardian ménage by a long way now that poor Teddy Payne is laid up. Go and see it all.

W. R. C. R.

"I never see you with George now. Have you fallen out?"
"Oh, no! I married him."

# THE LIBEL.

Let me begin by affirming most emphatically that my [illegible] "The Trenchman," was conceived and executed [illegible] of all ulterior motive. To the best of my belief [illegible] intentions it was a purely fictitious creation in which [illegible] amazing parallelism of identity, which forms the theme [illegible] my narrative, was merely accidental.

Having held the post of "special correspondent" to the [illegible] scribe during the various native disturbances which occurred [illegible] the South-East provinces of India during the year 190-, [illegible] used that country as a setting for my story, and with [illegible] elements of a strong love interest complicated by much [illegible] handling of Anglo-Indian politics, succeeded in [illegible] a most gratifying result. Above all I scored [illegible] delineation of my principal character, one Colonel [illegible] Tavestock. At first the latter had presented himself to my [illegible] mind as a rather hazy sort of individual, with an eye-glass [illegible] an offensive habit of blowing out his round, purple-veined cheeks and twirling his fierce, bristling moustaches [illegible] in best military style. Then, gradually, he developed into a personality; one to be reckoned with, negotiated. It [illegible] only that he "created" himself, and that I, per- [illegible] very little to do with the matter.

[illegible] completed I submitted the MS. to the Editor of [illegible] *Weekly Gazette*, and the first instalment in serial form [illegible] appearance about the middle of May. It was [illegible] with universal appreciation, and visions of an [illegible] began to haunt my dreams. Then, suddenly, a most remarkable thing happened.

Upon a certain afternoon in late August, on returning from a sultry stroll along the banks of the Serpentine, I was informed by my landlady that a gentleman had called [illegible] my absence and was still waiting for me in my sitting-room. Wondering who it could be, I ran quickly upstairs and pushed open the door of the stuffy little room in which I did most of my writing. The next instant I fell back with an exclamation of astonishment, for there, standing before me in the flesh, his short legs spread wide apart, the moulting fur of a goat-skin hearthrug, his gold-rimmed monocle screwed at its most aggressive angle into one fierce, beady grey eye, his salt and pepper moustaches bristling out in their most alert and aggressive manner above his thin upper lip, was none other than the living embodiment of my own literary invention—Colonel Tavestock [illegible].

It is difficult to describe the sensation of utter bewilderment that swept over me as I stood thus confronted by [illegible] whose existence, up to that moment, I had believed to be restricted to the realms of type and print. It was, to say the least of it, disconcerting, almost uncanny, and for a [illegible] while black astonishment held me dumb.

My visitor, guessing no doubt at the nature of my emotion [illegible] and wishing to be the first to open the attack, swallowed [illegible] at an allusive lump that seemed to stick in his throat, [illegible] at the flaps of his coat with podgy white hands and [illegible] his narrow, patent-leaved feet nervously on the goat-skin rug. Finally he managed to articulate:

"Mr. Watson, I believe? Silas Watson, author of the [illegible] now running through the *Weekly Gazette*?"

I nodded my head in assent, then closed the door and came forward a few steps into the room.

"To what may I ascribe the honour," I began, with an attempt at affability, but stopped abruptly, struck by the [illegible] or apoplectic fury that glared at me from the [illegible] as the beady grey eyes. For a moment it really [illegible] as though he were about to have a fit.

"We'll [illegible] all that out, if you *don't* mind," he burst out violently. "I'm Colonel Tavestock of the 4th Lancers, and [illegible] to know what the devil you mean by writing up such a damned slander on myself and my career as that contained in 'The Trenchman.' What's your game, anyhow—blackmail?"

I looked at him for a moment in sheer speechlessness.

"But, my dear sir," I protested, amazement and incredulity depriving me of all sense of proportionate reasoning, "I have no 'game,' as you put it. What you tell me is most extraordinary—perfectly astounding. When I wrote the story to which you allude I had no knowledge whatever of [illegible] existence of such a person as—or yourself. I [illegible] Colonel Tavestock I depicted to be an entirely [illegible] person, evolved from my own imagination. If [illegible] you tell me is true, it seems to me that we are both victims of a most amazing circumstance."

"Very pat, very pat indeed," snapped the Colonel sarcastically, readjusting his monocle with a sudden and alarming contortion of the facial muscles. "But I don't think it would exactly satisfy a jury, Mr. Watson. It isn't so much the *name*, it's—it's *everything*. Just look at me yourself and tell me whether anyone could fail to identify me with the offensive person in your story? Besides, the whole plot is merely a cunning contortion of facts."

"I can't help that," I replied, shortly. "All I can tell you is that 'The Trenchman' was intended to be a romance pure and simple, and that if, by any chance, it describes persons who really exist or incidents which have actually occurred it does so quite unintentionally."

"It's a lie! I don't believe a word of it!" he blurted out, rudely. "The whole thing's a put up libel—nothing more and nothing less."

"But," I remonstrated, with difficulty controlling my temper, "only a portion of the story has as yet appeared. As it continues I am sure that any chance resemblance to yourself will be effaced. The 'Colonel Tavestock' of 'The Trenchman' turns out to be an utter rogue."

It may have been merely my fancy that the face of the man before me grew suddenly pale, and that his fat, toad-like hands clutched convulsively at the cloth of his navy-blue coat. For a moment he was silent. Then:

"Perhaps perhaps you will oblige me with a rough synopsis of the rest of it," he suggested, hesitatingly.

I complied at once, tracing the career of the iniquitous Colonel through a number of promiscuous adventures, among which were included the stealing of certain secret despatches from the body of a dead spy, and the subsequent bartering of the same to the Rajah of Dijipore.

As I talked the man's manner grew more and more restless, until finally, as though unable longer to control his feelings, he shook both fists wildly in my face and exclaimed:

"It must be stopped, suppressed! D'you hear what I say? It must be stopped! It's monstrous! An outrage!"

I stared at him in bewilderment, the horrible suspicion that he must be some escaped lunatic breaking suddenly in upon me.

"But—but surely you're not going to tell me that it's all true—that you ——"

He interrupted me by stamping his foot furiously on the ground.

"Of course it isn't," he almost shouted. "But don't you see, somebody stole those papers, and somebody sold them to the natives. It was never discovered who. If this version of yours is published, read by men who know of the affair, they'll—well, of course, they'll jump to conclusions—there's certain to be a scandal. Inquiries may be started—an investigation. I may be drummed out of the Army, lose my position, be disgraced. I say it must stop. I won't have it."

"But, my dear sir, if it's not true why trouble yourself about it?" I remonstrated. "No one can prove that it was you if it wasn't."

"You don't know, you can't be sure—one never *is* sure," he babbled excitedly. "Besides, there'd always be the suspicion. I tell you the only way to put things right is for you to stop the publication of the story at once."

"And I tell you that such a thing is altogether out of the question," I returned, exasperatedly. "I've sold the MS. outright. I couldn't possibly get it back—not on any consideration."

The colour of the purple-veined cheeks deepened to an ugly red. The monocle fell suddenly from the startled grey eye.

"Couldn't you say that you wanted to alter something, and then burn it. Or, better still, re-write the end of it?" he insisted, desperately.

I shook my head adamantly.

"I'm afraid it can't be done."

"Then I'll sue you—I'll sue you for damages," he threatened, savagely, striding about the room like a tiger in a cage. "I'll fight to the last penny. I'll ruin you."

I replied with a mere shrug of the shoulders, and taking out a packet of Abdullas proceeded leisurely to light a cigarette. For some reason or other his threats failed completely to disturb my peace of mind. A suspicion that I had fallen upon "something good" was beginning slowly to dawn upon me. If he were really as innocent as he protested,

# The Curse!

**News for :: ::**
**Safety Razor Users.**

HOW many users of safety razors have not cursed the necessity of taking them to pieces and wiping them clean and dry after use? Some makes, of course, claim not to need the process; but if it is not done you soon get a rusty, dirty, dull-edged implement that is no use to anybody. There is now available to the millions of safety razor users all over the country a most ingenious little invention which does away with the necessity for taking the razor to pieces every times and wiping it dry. It is a special kind of bath, and after shaving you simply drop your razor into it, just as it is. The bath, which contains a chemcial preparation, effectually sterilizes it, keeps the whole razor bright and clean, and greatly improves the edge of the blades, causing them to retain their keen edge for at least two months. Old blades allowed to soak in this bath will be found to 'pick up' in astonishing fashion. The outfit costs only eighteen-pence, and should save its cost in blades, time and temper within a week.

## THE RAZOR.

We have a safety razor at a shilling that will beat any at present on the market, no matter what price. We absolutely guarantee this, and are quite willing to send it, and if you are not completely satisfied, will at once return your money, with 6d. added to cover your expenses.

## A LITTLE SUM.

You pay at least 2d. to be shaved.
Four shaves at 2d. equals 8d.
You tip the Barber one penny.
Four tips at 1d. equals 4d.
Total=1s.
Our razor costs one shilling.
Therefore it pays for itself in four shaves.

## WE ARE GUN MAKERS

Therefore we know something about steel, and it is in this that the secret of our razor lies; just give it a trial, and if it does not give you the most delightful shave you ever had in your life, don't be afraid to let us know. We stand by our offer to the letter.

We will send you The Bath and Razor for 2s. 6d., and bear postage ourselves.

## CHARLES RIGGS & Co., LTD.,

**GUN MAKERS,**

**107, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.**


what possible explanation could there be for extravagant exhibition of fear.

"Of course, you must act just exactly as you said quietly between the puffs. "I've nothing to matter. Have a cigarette?"

The man paused in his walk, facing me, and for I almost fancied that he was contemplating a spri suddenly, his whole demeanour underwent a change; the spirit seemed to die out of him; before me like a whipped cur.

"Mr. Watson, I beg of you, do me this favour," he pleaded. "I'm a rich man. I can afford to make it your while. Get the thing back, alter it as I suggest, you shall name your own price—a hundred pounds hundred! You shall be more than satisfied."

Five hundred pounds! I gasped or rose the all but fell from between my lips. The next regained my self-control and was puffing the smoke into aerial volutes that curled slowly upwards to the dingy ceiling. Above all I realised the restraining my eagerness. A man who could so lightly the sum of five hundred pounds could, in all probabi as easily double it.

"I'm afraid, Colonel Tavestock, that much as I like to oblige you what you suggest is impossible," reiterated slowly, introducing a slight note of regret into finality of my tones. "You see the MS. is already my hands, and if ——"

The man came nearer, thrusting his fat, perspiring close up to mine.

"Make it a thousand if you like," he muttered, ally. "But for heaven's sake don't waste any more talking!"

For one long, pregnant moment I returned steadily, without speaking. Then:

"I'll do it for five," I said.

"Five thousand pounds!" He fell back a step, blood-coloured patch flaming up on his left cheek the world as though I had struck him. "You must be I'm not a millionaire!"

I flicked the ash off the end of my cigarette with fastidious care.

"Then all I can say is—it can't be done."

For a full half minute there was silence, during which I watched my opponent surreptitiously through a faint cloud of blue-grey smoke. At the end of that time he gave vent to his feelings in a long string of choice explosives, drew a cheque book from an inner pocket and approached the table against which I was leaning.

"I suppose I must give in," he said.

* * *

I found no difficulty in getting the end part of "The Trenchman" returned to me on the plea of alteration. Some two months later, on the same day that the last instalment made its appearance, I cashed a cheque for £5,000.

That night at dinner I drank the health of "Colonel Tavestock" in best '84 brand Chantilly, still marvelling at the extraordinary adventure that had befallen me.

GLADYS EVELYN

## IT HAPPENED AT CANNES.

Not many weeks ago a certain well-known titled made the acquaintance of a very stylish and appar irreproachable young man during a Tango Tea at one the most fashionable hotels at Cannes. The follo afternoon they met again on the promenade. The la question found herself more than ever charmed by h lightful and well-bred elegance, and had no hesitat inviting him to her villa. He accepted the invitation accompanied her home. What actually happened the *tête-à-tête* in the fascinating flower-decked villa h leaked out, but some time towards evening the departed out of a back window in company with a va diamond pendant, a pair of emerald shoe-buckles, a cigarette-case set with rubies, a number of other valu trifles, and five thousand francs in notes. The lady wards told the police that the articles had been stolen the toilet-table in her bed-room. But one can hard lieve that she invited a total stranger there.

# DECADENCE IN SPORT: ALLEGED OR TRUE?

The deterioration of British sport has so long become a catch-word with certain people that they have really got to believe it. Plenty of good estimable fellows believe that we as a nation are becoming every day more decadent in sport, and that the whole nation is taking a decided step back in the vital struggle for life and supremacy.

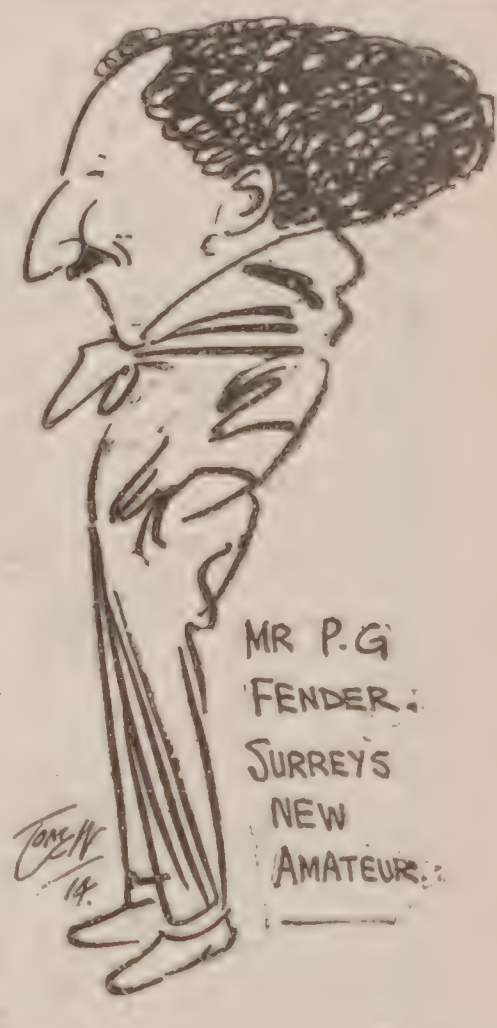
I went down to Premierland for the Colin Bell—Joe Jeannette boxing match last Monday evening, with just such a one. I think his grievance started with the Government. There was no Gladstone, Beaconsfield, or Salisbury in it, and how could a country be any good without them. There was no patriotism, the Territorial forces were not properly supported, men could not join because their employers would not give them the time off for drill and camp. The only bright spot in the horizon was Mr. Lloyd George's graduated income tax.

Being a middle class man he had definitely made up his mind that he and his class were unfairly treated. The man with an income between £300 and £800 a year is the worst off of all he agreed, and it should be graduated all the way up from the pound a week workman; and what he would make the Dukes of Portland, Bedford, Westminster and so on pay in the way of super-tax would relieve a lot of less fortunate mortals from much present worry.

Now is our friend the pessimist right? Is our sport [illegible] of all kinds in this country, and personally I think it as good as ever. Our 'Varsity sports this year, in which Cambridge beat Oxford with her galaxy of Rhodes scholars, goes a long way towards proving that; our Rugby football is undoubtedly better [illegible] visiting [illegible] Zealand, South [illegible] and Australia; [illegible] and I rather [illegible] general [illegible] in athletics [illegible] swimming is considerably above the [illegible] Why is it [illegible] get nothing [illegible] above nowadays [illegible] of a helping [illegible] to our efforts to [illegible] athletic excel-

[illegible] is a big [illegible] going on [illegible] especially just now [illegible] to Oxford [illegible] Cambridge [illegible] going to send an [illegible] team on their [illegible] to Berlin [illegible] Olympic games of 1916. If they do and, what is [illegible] team enthusiastically for the games, then we shall [illegible] worthy representatives at Berlin. But that is not enough. The clubs and the A.A.A. owe a duty to the country. What are they going to do to wipe out this suggestion of decadence that we hear on all sides? Are they going to train their men on modern lines, and coach them for the great task they have before them, or are they going to potter along in the happy-go-lucky way which has characterised our efforts in previous Olympic contests?

If we go in for the Olympic games at Berlin we must send a team of men at least capable of holding their own with the Germans. That should not be difficult, for I understand that N. C. Kraenzlein, the American coach at Berlin, is not very hopeful of developing much world-beating talent in Germany. Kraenzlein competed in the English championships in 1900 and 1901, and won the hurdles in both years, and the long jump in 1900. He is organising the sports boom or craze in Germany on a big salary, and has not yet found any Craigs, Jacksons, Brauns, or Bouins in the Fatherland.




It is a lucky nation that has its best men running at their best in an Olympic year. Had it been last year we should certainly have won the sprints with Applegarth, barring bad luck, and H. S. O. Ashington might easily have credited us with the long jump even if this versatile 'Varsity athlete did not win the hurdles and high jump. By 1916 Ashington should be at his best, and in the Cambridge man we may easily have a world's champion. N. S. A. Jackson, who won the 1,500 metres at Stockholm, is still unbeaten, and he played a big part in the relay race won by Oxford at Philadelphia last week in record time for the State. He can win the 1,500 and possibly one of the longer races for us in 1916 if he is still going.

But that is not quite the point I am wishing to make. To speak now of indivduals doing stunts in 1916 is, of course, absurd. The thing is that we have these men among us now to set a standard. The more they can be induced to compete the better it will be for the country. The more level races that sports promoting clubs put in their programmes the better it will be. The standard is there, and we have as good men to-day as we ever have had, but they do not get the chances of being pulled out owing to the pot-hunting scramble under handicapp conditions seen every week during the athletic season.

There are signs of improvement it is true. Level sprint races are included in programmes, and relay races between the big clubs, and the L.A.C., South London Harriers, Polytechnic, and other powerful organisations are taking part in more matches than formerly. If only athletic clubs would arrange sports meetings like cricket and football clubs do their matches, and meet another club every week in friendly rivalry on level terms, we should soon raise the standard, and a new enthusiasm would be developed in amateur sport. I am afraid, however, that the task will be difficult of achievement owing to the disinclination of runners to take bay leaves as guerdons in place of the customary clocks and cups of more or less problematic value up to the limit of £10 10s.

Because the Duke of Westminster's precious scheme died the death it deserved, don't think we are going to drop Berlin. There is an awakening in athletics and we shall probably surprise the world long before it is necessary to send men to Berlin, or I am much surprised.

# GOLF.

It is not generally known that there is a market on the leading golf competitions of the season, just as there is on the Jubilee Derby and St. Leger among racing folk. It is on the Stock Exchange that the quotations are made, and it is significant that the Americans, Francis Ouimet, and J. D. Travers, are among the first favourites. In fact between those two and Harold Hilton, John Graham and Robt. Harris, there is little to choose, the English trio having if anything a shade the best of the quotation at something between 7 to 1 and 8 to 1.

Going into the open championship we find that there is a decided belief in the powers of James Braid this season. He is in his old robust health again, and is playing on the top of his form. In the last twenty years fifteen times the championship has been won by one or other of the triumvirate of Vardon, Taylor, and Braid, and it is Braid's turn this year. Periodically we hear of one or other of this great little collection as having finished at last, but so soon as the statement is made one or other of them comes up with a "here we are again," and surprises the world.

Few people thought that J. H. Taylor would ever be the hero of another championship when he won last year. Indifferent health had been against him, and it was thought that he was gradually slipping back and giving place to the younger school treading so closely on the heels of the mighty trio—Duncan, Ray, Ball, Reid, and Co.

Ray has had his championship. Duncan the best player of the bunch has yet to win his spurs. Four rounds on end it means to win a championship after qualifying, and that is a big test. Duncan will usually put in about the best round of the show if he qualifies, but he is not certain to do that as he is almost certain to have a bad round somewhere. He is brilliant, perhaps erratic, and when he learns steadiness he will be a Vardon and a Braid rolled into one. Not even excepting Vardon, I would rather follow George Duncan round a course than any man among the great professors.

Well, this is a digression. Vardon, Braid, and Taylor are, I am told, bracketed at 7 to 1 for the open championship, Ray and Duncan are quoted at tens, and Ouimet and Hilton at 16 to 1. In the whole bunch of bets I would as soon take Hilton, who has got into form early this year, is playing brilliantly, and is as good a golfer as the best of them. Hilton is quite as likely to win the stroke competition of the open championship as he is to carry off the honours in the knock-out affair which decides the amateur honours; that is if Vardon, Braid, or Taylor are not to win.

Miss Cecil Leitch, who has been showing such brilliant golf, has slightly strained her arm. It is to be hoped that she will have quite recovered before the championship, for we are looking forward to an interesting struggle between Miss Cecil Leitch, Miss Gladys Ravenscroft, the ex-champion, and Miss Muriel Dodd, the holder of the title.

The championship will begin next Monday at Hunstanton, and the record entry of 166 is significant of the place that woman's golf has taken in British sport. If I were asked to plump for the actual winner I should name Miss Gladys Ravenscroft, who is playing in great form. She recently did the fifth hole at West Hill (499 yards) in fours in two successive rounds, and also had a four at the sixth (405 yards). R. E. Howard vouches for it.

NIBLICK.

# THE REFINEMENT OF STRENGTH.

## OLYMPIA, MAY 14th, 1914.

Thursday of this week will see the annual inception of that miraculous pageant and display, whereat the magnificent men of the world's premier race demonstrate for us in their own persons the tangible reasons for Anglo-Saxon predominance, and the unusual stability of the prospects of the universe. It is good to realise that Naval not done for profit, it is still better to know that Military charities have benefited to the tune of more than £80,000 on account of the pleasure and pride that the tournament has afforded the nation since those days several years ago, at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, as a child I used to sit on bare boards, uncomfortable, fascinated, and watch the cavalry tent-pegging in their weird pill-box caps. The Boers had not taught us the particular virtues of khaki then, and the general impression was somewhat more ornate and about one-tenth as business like and skilful.

Do you believe it possible that a railway can horses and wagons disembarked from a train, harnessed and wagons built, horses unharnessed and wagons dismantled and retrucked all in the incredible of (approximately) fifteen minutes? It is all but incredible yet you may witness it with your own eyes, free danger in a comfortable stall or chair, at Olympia is our Army Service Corps of to-day, which the War Lord sent skilled emissaries (full facilities granted) to study and emulate so far as lies in power.

It may be that you will see some final heats officers' jumping competition. The course is so the slightest flagging of interest is well-nigh impossible. This is the preserve, more or less, of the younger senior cavalry and artillery officers, and their subs, but it was only two years ago that I saw Colonel V.C., the wonderful grey-haired leader of the 21st shot into an ugly, sloping jump of poles by a twenty skilful grey. It looked just about fatal; but his reins, and was remounted in a twinkling, mendous spirit of a young corporal newly passed riding establishment. Esprit de corps is so such a ready unflinching disregard of possible injury demanded because each officer and gentleman riding for his regiment rather than for his credit.

Exactly the same applies to the Royal Horse and Field Artillery gallops and drives. The R.H.A. function is extreme rapidity and dash, and their evolutions are frequently interrupted by the judge's sometimes the only indication the two leaders, the rear man and horse have collapsed in a flying peat in an endeavour to gain a fraction by a too acute turn at an incredible speed. Horses are frequently dragged by the leaders and pushed gun in a struggling lump for some yards before the stationary. It is rarely, nevertheless, that a battery to finish its ride under any circumstances.

You may see the Naval detachment man-handle a riage and limber of the total weight of one ton over and across a chasm against time, one round to be commencement and finish.

Perhaps the item of strongest general interest will pageant-play, "The Romans in Britain," arranged by Mark Sykes, the man who made the House of Commons up on the Ulster question three weeks ago. One onager and corroballistae and other fearsome barbarian engines. The twenty captive Britons, the of Stonehenge, the Emperor's chariot with white horses, Empress, all have their special appeal; others there whose choice will be the six magistrates or the Frugi. But it is the Tray of British Gold that fascinates me, my friends!

Any time between May 14th and May 30th (inclusive) Olympia are all these things and many other wonderful miracles to be seen. Those who go will hold a fresh confidence in the value of their birthright, and will experience a new, deep pride that is an emotion rather than a thing.

W. R. CHILTON.

# FINANCE & ASSURANCE.

Business has recently been more prominent than business on the Stock Exchange. Despite the brighter outlook in many other favourable factors, the general tone is a trifle depressed, partly as a result of Paris selling. Mexican Rails were offered on bad news about the destruction of railway property; in several stocks there was something like a collapse. American and Canadian Rails have also declined. Among the brighter spots has been the Home Railway Market, which has shown some improvement. Traffics are expected on the readjustment of local taxation foreshadowed in the Budget. The Oil market has been adversely affected by the profit-taking in Paris, despite the fact that some excellent dividends have recently been declared. French selling has also accounted for a certain weakness in the South African mining market, the Diamond section being the greatest sufferer.

* * *

It is now generally realised that there can be but very little prospect of active business until the Ulster and Mexican questions have been settled. And it is feared in well-informed quarters that the latter problem will need some considerable time for its solution. While the Americans do not want war they have to settle with Huerta, and this is taxing all their diplomatic ingenuity and tact.

* * *

If markets improve very shortly we are scarcely likely to see much activity before autumn. Such is the opinion of the veterans of the Stock Exchange, who like a quiet time of business in May, as it means enjoyable holidays in August and September. So far, there is no indication of any abnormal activity in any market, although the "Outside" and "House" men all agree that the prospects are so promising that a real "boom" would be fully justified. But, so far, the general public have not displayed much interest in the market, however eager the professionals may be to "get them in" by the classic tactics.

* * *

Mr. Lloyd George's Budget proposals, drastic in character, will specially affect the Stock Exchange, and all those who hold securities of any description. The increased income tax creates an automatic depreciation in securities, as 4d. will have to be deducted from all accrued dividend and interest. By this sweeping increase many grievances will be created, especially among that large class of people who live on a small *unearned* income—that is to say, income inherited from husband, father, or other similar relative.

* * *

We notice that several of the bucket shops are recommending their clients to treat themselves to "a nice little flutter." These invitations should be steadfastly disregarded. For despite their apparent simplicity options are very risky things to deal in that even the professionals frequently get landed.

* * *

While it is quite true that Home Rails stand at an attractive level, it is equally certain that those who are tempted to buy must seriously consider the adverse factors now operating. The leading British railways have to contend with fierce tramway, motor 'bus and canal competition, exorbitant rates and taxes; the clamorous demands of labour for shorter hours and higher wages, and the ever increasing appetite for better service, lower fares and cheaper rates for merchandise. The costly problem of electrification will ultimately have to be faced; the advent of the motor for the distribution of goods must necessarily affect railway traffics and profits once it is organised on the extensive basis contemplated by those interested in this development.

* * *

Many of our readers who receive tempting offers of "tips" in shares from brainy financiers who push their wares through the post will probably save money by submitting the circulars to us before replying thereto. Vast sums are collected yearly by this method of "planting" worthless shares on unwary investors.

* * *

We think that Canadian Pacifics have now touched their lowest after a severe slump which was never fully justified by the general position. The "bears," seizing their opportunity, "rigged" this security with such success that they hammered it down about 30 points, from 227 to 197. Last year about this time they stood at 249. Now that the position is becoming better understood, we anticipate that the "bears" will shortly have to cover themselves to avoid a big "squeeze."

* * *

## GILT-EDGED SECURITIES.

The following Trustee stocks yield at present prices about 4 per cent. :—

| | Price. | Yield Per Cent. £ s. d. |
|---|---|---|
| Queensland Loan 1950 ... ... | 98-100 | 4 0 0 |
| Union of South Africa Loan 1963 | 97-99 | 4 1 0 |
| Tasmanian Loan 1940 ... ... | 99-101 | 4 0 0 |
| Trinidad Loan 1942 ... ... | 98-100 | 4 0 0 |

* * *

"How much assurance ought I to carry?" This is a question that confronts every intending assurant. Of course, a great deal depends upon the man and his dependents; his position and his prospects. Suppose a man is earning £200 a year, with a reasonable prospect of retaining his position permanently. He is married, with three children. It is probable that the household will secure £150 of this total, while the husband will spend the balance of £50.

* * *

If he paid about 4s. per week from age 30 to 65 he could secure his wife £100 a year from the latter age, presuming that she was also 30 years old. Generally speaking, it is better to leave a woman an income rather than a capital sum, for it saves her the worry and dangers that usually assail those who undertake to secure for themselves a steady income from investments.

* * *

Super-cautious people, fearing that they may be suddenly taken away before the annuity was paid for, might consider it more prudent to take out a whole life policy, for, say, £2,000, which, capitalised at 5 per cent. would yield £100 per annum. This would cost about £40 per annum. The husband might pay, say £10 out of his £50, the balance being taken from the £150 allocated to the household.

* * *

As the wife would ultimately secure the greatest advantage, she would naturally make a spirited effort to maintain this policy, although it would involve considerable care and the sacrifice of many agreeable but evanescent pleasures. Whatever the system adopted, it is beyond dispute that the head of the family should protect his wife and children from the disastrous effects of his premature demise.

* * *

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A.K.," Bolton.—We do not think it would be advisable to purchase an annuity from the Post Office, the terms not being equal to those obtainable from the strongest and best Assurance Companies. Let us know your exact requirements, and we can furnish you with the necessary information.

"W.W.," Gloucester.—We could furnish you with a list of commercial and industrial securities yielding from £5 10s. to £4 10s. per cent. But obviously they are not so absolutely safe as the gilt-edged securities we quote week by week, and would want more watching. For the small investor gilt-edged descriptions are usually preferable.

"F.K.," Penzance.—We should hold Anglo-Malays, the general position of the Company being excellent. The prospects for rubber are improving, and prices now stand at such a level that a speculative movement would be fully justified.

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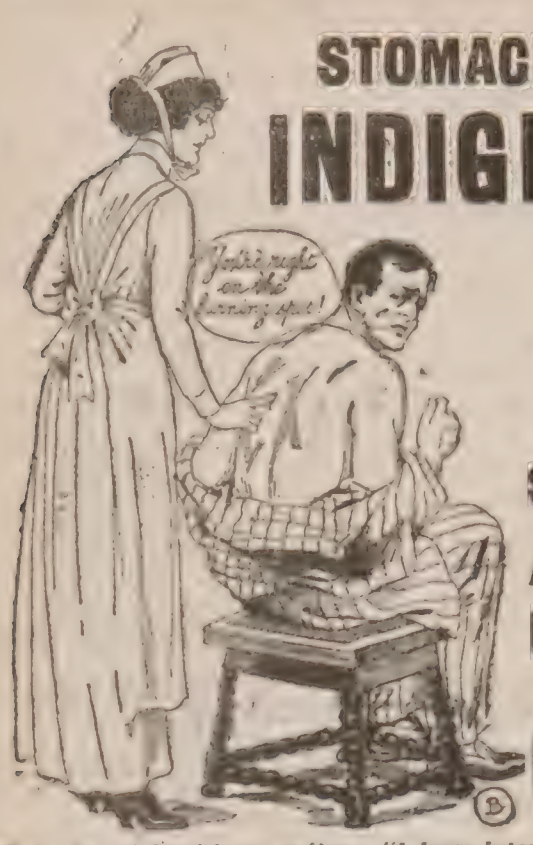


# STOMACH & BOWEL INDIGESTION

CAUSES

THAT

BURNING SPOT

BEHIND THE

SHOULDER BLADE

WITH

ACIDITY & DEPRESSION

Completely Cured

BY

# CICFA

K. E., of Lewisham, writes:—"I have intended writing you, but have been waiting to make sure I am cured. It is weeks now since I finished my second tube of Cicfa. I have taken none since, and I have had no return of the Indigestion in either Stomach or Bowel, so I can safely say I am cured. I shall always bless the day I wrote for your free sample. The second day of taking Cicfa I felt a trifle better, and now I feel ten years younger. Previous to taking Cicfa I was in such a bad state of depression and misery I used to wish I had courage enough to poison myself. I could not eat or drink anything and keep it down for long. I used to hate going out anywhere, as I had such an INTENSE BURNING PAIN BEHIND MY LEFT SHOULDER BLADE, and the acid would suddenly rise into my mouth and and I would vomit. I often turned so giddy, too, that I would have to clutch anything near me, and in the morning getting out of bed I have fallen many times. I tried all sorts of things and all kinds of treatment, but I got into such a low state that nothing did me any good until I took Cicfa. I tell everyone I hear of having Indigestion how Cicfa cured me, and my advice to all Indigestion sufferers is: "Don't wait and put it off, but get Cicfa at once and try for yourself."

Believe me, gratefully yours, K. E."

Read carefully, and you will understand why K. E., of Lewisham, feels so grateful. When death seems preferable to sufferings caused by Indigestion they must be hard to bear. That burning pain behind the left shoulder blade, that burning acid frequently rising in the throat, that giddiness so severe as to cause stumbling and even falling, and that profound depression and feeling of unutterable misery were all directly caused by Indigestion in Stomach and Bowel.

Nothing brought relief till Cicfa was taken, because there is no remedy except Cicfa which contains what Nature requires to ensure digestion of the food in both Stomach and Bowel. But Cicfa brought immediate relief, and very soon a complete cure. The reason is simple. It is this: Cicfa contains exactly what is needed to start digestion of all the Albuminous food, such as eggs, meat, etc., in the Stomach, and also what is needed to immediately start digestion of all the Starchy food, like bread, potatoes, beans, bananas, etc., in the Bowel, and also to cause digestion to continue till all the food is completely digested in both Stomach and Bowel.

The fact that over 7,500 British doctors have used Cicfa, and nearly 700 of them have written us of the splendid results they had obtained by either taking Cicfa themselves or prescribing it, is proof that Cicfa does not belong to the class of patent medicines, and is indeed a wonderful combination of digestive ferments.

READ WHAT DOCTORS SAY ABOUT CICFA.

Dr. —— M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. Lond., writes:—"I received the Cicfa tablets, and as I am desirous of further proving their effect, I would be glad if you would send me a dozen glass tubes—containing 21—and if you will send account with same, I will forward cheque by return."

Dr. —— B.A., M.D., writes: "I have found Cicfa so satisfactory that I have requested the local chemist to keep them in stock."

NOW READ WHAT THE PUBLIC SAY.

H.E., of Durham, writes:—"I am delighted to say your wonderful Cicfa has cured me of Indigestion. I have not known anything like it. I will certainly recommend it to all I know who suffer in the same way."

S.L., of Hull, writes—"I have found Cicfa all that you claim it to be, it not only relieves, but really cures indigestion.

Cicfa is sold everywhere, price 1/1½ and 2/9.

If you suffer from Indigestion, get Cicfa from your chemist NOW or TEST IT

## ABSOLUTELY FREE.

Send your Name and Address with this Coupon and One Penny Stamp for Postage, and receive a liberal sample of this wonderful CICFA. Only one sample to each family. No person given a second sample.

CICFA

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# RACING.

## BY "OBSERVER."

Unless dame fortune smiles upon him to an extraordi... extent, the "small" backer who invests haphazard every d... has little chance of beating the bookmaker. Systems al... seem to go all wrong; in spite of satisfactory tests on p... it invariably requires something like the Bank of Engla... work them. One of the best methods to show a profit ... the season is to take a number of horses early in the y... and follow them on an increasing stake to the end ... campaign, no matter in what company these partic... horses compete.

In the first week of the present season I gave in this column a list of a dozen likely horses to follow, and at the moment of writing they show quite a useful profit on a level stake. For the benefit of those who have not the list by them, the horses were:—Cantilever, Parhelion, Flori... Major Symons, Rivoli, Romeo, The Boss, Happy Warrio... Radway, Brotherstone, Pearldiver, and Cassim. Of the dozen Romeo set the ball rolling in great style with a success at the highly remunerative odds of 20 to 1, and Major Symons, Brotherstone, and Cassim have all done suf... cient to put followers on very good terms with themselves.

At such an early period of the campaign I refrained from including two-year-olds in the list. Now, however, that we have seen some useful juveniles, three of them may be added. They are:—

Colour System, b.c., by Heliotrope—Hutton's System;
Eager Eyes, b.f., by Troutbeck-Eagerness;
Bambusa, ch.f., by St. Amant-Catalpa.

All three have won in good style, and they all gave the impression that more winning brackets are likely to fall to their lot.

Racing on the Roodee seems to gain in popularity with Northerners, and the crowds at the historic City of Ches... last week appeared to be larger than ever. The sport on this course, which is aptly termed the roulette board, was quite up to the usual high standard. The race for the Chester cup was a fine one, Aleppo just beating Annecy, who recently won the Great Metropolitan for the second year running. As Annecy was carrying a fourteen pounds penalty, it was a very creditable performance on the part of the son of Simontault-Stolen Armour, who is owned by a lady who races under the assumed name of Mr. C. Bu... Many people were under the impression that Annecy would be reserved for the Chester Cup in preference to the G... Metropolitan, and it is obvious what a good thing he would have been for the former race had he not competed at Epsom. The connections of Aleppo were very confident of their horse's chance, and the victory was exceedingly popular.

Despite the near proximity of the Derby—it comes up for decision on the 27th of this month—there is still an absence of reliable news concerning The Tetrarch. He has been displaced as favourite for the blue riband of the turf by Kennymore, whose successes in the Craven Stakes and Two Thousand Guineas have caused the odds against his winning at Epsom to shorten considerably. One thing is certain, if the Tetrarch goes to the post fit and well, the public will prefer him to the big Manton colt. Mr. Joel's Black Jester, who finished third in the first of the classics, is being quietly supported.

This week the Newmarket Second Spring meeting occupies Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, and Gatwick and Haydock Park clash on Friday and Saturday. On the opening day at headquarters Pigeon Pie may score in the Trial Selling Plate, Kiltoi in the Newmarket Handicap, and Rangag in the Visitors' Plate. The Flying Handicap on the second day may be won by Gold Vein, the Spring Two-Year-Old Stakes by Costello, and the Shelford Plate by Radway. On the concluding afternoon Son-in-Law should secure the Three-Year-Old Handicap, and Gold Sun the Abingdon Plate.

The Alexandra Three-Year-Old Handicap at Gatwick on Friday may fall to Clap Gate, and the Mart Plate to Bolivar. Vermouth should take the Prince's Handicap the second day, and Ronaldo the Reigate Welter Handicap.

On the opening day at Haydock Park Tanaquil may win the Makerfield Handicap, and Royal Mail the Manor Handicap. Philadelphia should take the Grand Stand Handicap on the concluding day, and High and Dry the Haydock Park Three-Year-Old Handicap.

# WITH MOTOR-CYCLE AND CAR.

Motor-cycles and cars need an annual spring cleaning quite as much as the best appointed household, and this is the time to set about the somewhat arduous undertaking. It is true that many riders run their machines year in and year out, bestowing upon them scarcely any attention, without apparently suffering from their slackness. But there is a great difference between an engine that is really in tune—wondrous word—and one that is merely "so so." The annual overhaul is indeed an investment of time and trouble which yields abundant interest in the form of happy hours unspoiled by breakdowns for the rest of the season.

* * *

It would be difficult to hurl a more insulting remark at an enthusiast than the suggestion that he should at this time of the year entrust his precious possession to a motor shop. But for those of us who are new to the sport, or who really use motor-cycles and cars as a means to an end, the subtle charms of the overhaul have no attraction. It will then be better, far better, to send our toy to recuperate at the garage.

* * *

One or two firms have recently laid themselves out to provide a repair "shop" for those motorists who do not possess one of their own. You pay so much an hour and have the unrestricted use of all sorts of beautiful tools. But tools—unless you know them—are a snare and a delusion whose shining surface engenders a confidence that is ill-merited.

* * *

Personally I send my motor-cycle every year to be overhauled by the Hulbert Bramley Motor Company, a big Putney concern, who really know their business. The whole thing rarely costs me five pounds—generally considerably less. And that five pounds is really an excellent investment, for with average luck one should then be free from serious engine worries for the rest of the season. The engine bearings should be renewed and the magneto well cleaned. New sparking plugs should be fitted, even if the old ones are in good condition. The silencer should always be overhauled, and in this way the loss of power can often be checked. Valves must be ground in and carbon deposit removed, while the carburetter will almost invariably need attention. All these matters should be seen to by the garage people at the same time.

* * *

It is not for a moment my intention to suggest from the above that the novice should not take pains to become conversant with the inner workings of his machine. On the contrary, he should—metaphorically speaking—know his way about the "innards" blindfold. But there's a right way and a wrong way to unravel the mysteries that lie within. Few bicycles and fewer light cars have really accessible engines, and the tours of inspection should therefore be limited to a confined area at a time. First of all the carburetter should be taken to pieces and replaced. The magneto will be as well left alone, for the modern instrument very rarely needs any adjustment. There is, as the careful driver will tell you, "always the chance"—but then, as I have said before, your careful driver should theoretically carry a complete spare machine with him that he may be ready for anything that the gods have prepared for his annoyance. When taking an engine down for the first time every part should be carefully placed on a shelf in the order in which it is abstracted. Otherwise the reassembling will be far from easy, and nothing is more galling than to be forced to watch a grinning mechanic set one's own stupid handiwork to rights.

* * *

When once the exact disposition of every part of the machine is known, simple repairs may be taken in hand. Removing carbon deposit and grinding in valves are among the easiest of the minor adjustments and repairs. The former operation may now be effected by the use of an oxygen blow-pipe, which combines with a petrol flame to burn away the deposit.

E. B. INCE.

* * *

**The writer of the above notes will be pleased to answer any questions connected with the purchase or upkeep of motor-cycles and cars.**

There is generally much that grips the attention at the Alhambra and Empire these days, irrespective of the revue. Owing to these houses' envied possession of the liquor license there are the antics of the inebriate nut to divert one. During the happy "Keep Smiling" revue at the Alhambra the other evening it was distinctly noticeable that, probably owing to the strain of parting from a loved friend, some of these gentry were successful in creating an impression of extra alcoholic pressure suitable to the sad occasion. There was a youth in a box on the stage level so horribly enamoured of a certain small-part lady that, during the long solo plaudits which he had all to himself when she moved or spoke, his carcase was in imminent danger of quick, involuntary gravitation down into the orchestra well on many occasions. I was disappointed that it didn't come off, but I don't know that the members of the orchestra were! If they were they may have found consolation a few moments later in the sudden arrival in their midst, from an *upper* box, of a gilt armchair which came among them with the easy nonchalance of a paper pellet. Later the five very nutty occupants left under escort in response to frantic wireless from the conductor to the commissionaires, which was alone worth the money.

There are some things that a dwarf can't do, but he can catch just as big a cold as a giant.


# THE MAGNETIC GIRL.

## How She Compels Others To Obey Her Will.

**100,000 Copies of Remarkable Book describing peculiar Psychic Powers to be distributed Post Free to readers of "Modern Life."**

"The wonderful power of Personal Influence, Magnetism, Fascination; Mind Control, call it what you will, can surely be acquired by everyone no matter how unattractive or unsuccessful," says Mr. Elmer Ellsworth Knowles, author of the new book entitled: "The Key to the Development of the Inner Forces." The book lays bare many astounding facts concerning the practices of the Eastern Yogis, and describes a simple though effective system of controlling the thoughts and acts of others; how one may gain the love and friendship of those who might otherwise remain indifferent; how to quickly and accurately judge the character and disposition of an individual; how to cure the most obstinate diseases and habits without drugs or medicines; even the complex subject of projecting thoughts (telepathy) is explained. Miss Josephine Davis, the popular stage favourite, whose portrait appears herewith, declares that Prof. Knowles' book opens the door to success, health and happiness to every mortal, no matter what his or her position in life. She believes that Prof. Knowles has discovered principles which, if universally adopted, will revolutionise the mental status of the human race.

The book, which is being distributed broadcast free of charge, is full of photographic reproductions showing how these unseen forces are being used all over the world, and how thousands upon thousands have developed powers which they little dreamed they possessed. The free distribution of the 100,000 copies is being conducted by a large London institution, and a copy will be sent post free to anyone interested. No money need be sent, but those who wish to do so may enclose 2d. (stamps) to cover postage, etc. All requests for the free book should be addressed to: National Institute of Sciences, Free Distribution Dept. 89H, No. 258, Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.E., England. Simply say you would like a copy of "The Key to the Development of the Inner Forces," and mention *Modern Life*.

# OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

Claude: Don't you think my moustache is becoming?
Maude: Well, it may be coming, but it has not got here yet.

* * *

NO TALK LOST.

"So Kate and Alice are not on speaking terms."
"No; but they more than make up for it by what they say about each other."

* * *

Little Willie: What is the difference between character and reputation?
Paterfamilias: Character is a luxury, my son, whilst reputation is a necessity.

* * *

THE MISTAKE HE MADE.

"There have been times in my life," said he gloomily, "when I was tempted to commit suicide."
"Oh, well," she said, "it's no use to grieve over the past. We can all look back and see where we've made mistakes."

* * *

Young Lady: So you have been on the Continent, Professor?
Professor: Yes, I have been to Marienbad taking the baths, you know.
Young Lady: Really! That was a nice change for you, was it not?

* * *

Nell: It's an opal ring that Mr. Cheepface gave me.
Bell (examining it): Do you like it?
Nell: Yes, but there is that old superstition, you know. I'm afraid it will bring me bad luck.
Bell: Don't worry. The worst this could bring you would be an imitation of bad luck.

BY ANY OTHER, ETC.

"Oh, I think Rosalind Vavasour is a beautiful name."
"Really! Do you know sometimes I'm positively sick and tired of it."—"Sydney Bulletin."

"No, gentlemen! I cannot sing for you; the doctor has forbidden it."
"Why? Does he live in this building?"—"Le Rire."

There are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business. One is that they haven't any mind, the other is that they haven't any business.

* * *

A CLEAN-UP.

He: "If I call pa 'pop,' why can't I call ma 'mop'?"
She: "If you do, she'll wipe the floor with you."

* * *

DECEIVED.

Little Willie was left alone with sister's beau.
"Mr. Chumpley," he presently said, "what is a popinjay?"
Sister's beau wrinkled his forehead.
"Wh-why, a popinjay is a-a vain bird."
"Are you a bird, Mr. Chumpley?"
"Certainly not."
"That's funny. Ma said you was a popinjay an' pa said there was no doubt about your bein' a jay, an' sister said there was small hopes of your poppin', an' now you say you ain't a bird at all. That's funny."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

* * *

SAVING CIGARS.

"We must economize if we are to be married soon, George," said the sweet young thing.
"I know it, dear," replied her companion on the sofa as he moved up closer.
"And are you trying to save on your cigars, dear?"
"Oh, yes; don't you see I took those two cigars out of my vest pocket and placed 'em on the mantelpiece?"
And then his arms began to get busy.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

* * *

A WILLING DEMONSTRATOR.

Rosemary: I wonder how it feels to be back of a fuzzy little moustache like yours.
Thornton: I can't tell you very well, but I will cheerfully show you how it feels to be in front of it.—*Judge.*

* * *

JUST THE GIRL.

She: I hear you were disappointed in love.
He: Oh, no; love is all right.—*Columbia Jester.*

* * *

"How much does it cost your husband to run his automobile?"
"Well," replied Mrs. Cluggins, "the language I hear him use leads me to fear that it is going to cost him his eternal salvation."—*Washington Star.*

* * *

REBUKE.

The big man with the I-know-it-all expression sneeringly watched the little man who was eating from a sack of roasted nuts.
"Down where I come from we use peanuts to fatten hogs," remarked the big man.
"That so?" asked the little man. "Here, have some."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

# THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

This season's morning coat is practically the same as that which last year finally ousted the frock coat. Just at present braiding is out of fashion, and there is but one linked button at the waist-line. The coat should, by the bye, be worn buttoned up. An outside breast pocket is fitted. Some unusually light cloths are being used for trouserings, and they certainly serve to provide a pleasant contrast. Nowadays morning suits made entirely of one cloth are practically reserved for clergymen. I hear whispers, however, of blue morning coats ahead, but it is very doubtful if the rather too striking innovation will be welcomed on this side of the Atlantic.

* * *

Blue dress suits are, however, accomplished facts and are indeed being sold in considerable numbers in Savile Row. The best dressed men are (up to the time of going to press) drawing the line at anything brighter than a blue black. These look like a particularly intense black at night-time. "Nuts," however, with their usual pluck, are investing in brilliant plum colourings. Many good tailors think that the coloured dress suit has come to stay, but personally I should advise my readers to remain faithful to black until we can see definitely "how the wind blows." The dress coats that are being made now show no alteration on those that were sold twelve months ago. Trousers, however, should be worn without the braiding at the side.

* * *

Dinner jackets, which a few months ago were being openly worn even on formal occasions, are not so generally adopted. They are certainly far more comfortable than the regulation "full dress," but where men as well as women are concerned comfort and fashion are sometimes at variance. So it is with dinner jackets, which should only be worn when ladies are not present.

* * *

I often wonder whether the limit in elegance has been reached by the present-day tailors. Most of us would probably answer "Yes"—just as countless other generations have in years gone by. But for a while the arbiters of fashion have quite exhausted their stock of ideas and ideals. Bereft of their former Socialistic notions they must now breathlessly discuss whether there should be an extra button in front or no slit at the back. Latterly, however, they have conceived the brilliant idea of building lounge coats with pockets without flaps. These coats certainly give their wearer a distinctive appearance, but whether they will become really fashionable is quite another matter. The lounge coat is now cut practically without any "skirt," and is slightly shaped in at the hips. There are two buttons in front, a long roll collar, and no slit at the back. The trousers should be slightly peg-topped. Some men are having their waistcoats cut extremely low and fitted with a roll collar. This looks rather nice, but affords very little protection from the east winds of early summer. Indigo blue tweeds are selling well.

* * *

As soon as the weather gets a little warmer a big boom in sports coats may be expected. When selecting a sports coat one should tell the tailor whether it is wanted for active sporting exercise, or for mere ornamental wear. The ordinary sports jacket is not suited for golfing, and vice versa. A golfing coat requires an inverted pleat in the back in order to allow for the necessary movement of the arms. Inverted pleats have no particular æsthetic qualities, and are altogether out of place in what may be termed an occasional coat. On the whole grey flannel trousers go better with sports coats than trousers made out of similar material to the coat.

* * *

There has recently been a distinct boom in caps. This is due to the increased attention which is being paid to them by manufacturers. They are no longer the mere stand-by of the errand boy. Caps are recognised to have a distinct purpose, and a large number of new styles have recently been produced. The newest are without the button on the top, and a bold black and white check seems to be the favourite material.

* * *

Fancy waistcoats are being largely worn with lounge suits. The newest patterns have a still larger opening at the top and an equally well marked "V" at the bottom. As with suits, greys and browns are the most popular colours, and the irresistible check has also permeated this section of men's wear.

The paper handkerchiefs which were introduced some time ago seem to have all disappeared—much to no one's surprise! Some white handkerchiefs, which are claimed to be antiseptic, have now been put on the market at the modest price of sixpence each. We live in an age of bacilli and germs, so no doubt they will appeal to the nervous being.

* * *

**Captain Saunders will be pleased to answer in this column questions concerning any problem of dress. Readers requiring a prompt reply should enclose a stamped addressed envelope.**

# CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU.

*The Editor will be pleased to answer readers' queries through this column.*

F. W. (Coalville, Leicester).—With every disposition to oblige, we really cannot tell you what is meant by Futurism in art, within the limits of this column.

Y. R. (Lewisham).—Drawings too crude. Send stamps if you wish to save them from their natural fate—the W.P.B.

"Old 16th Lancer."—We do not doubt that there is a regiment called the 18th *Bengal* Lancers, but we still maintain that in England it is incorrect to refer to an officer as "of the 18th Lancers." To use an Irishism, the 18th Lancers are the 18th Hussars, so far as the British Army is concerned.

J. G. (Kingston Hill).—Pleased to hear that you can testify to the fair dealings of Mr. H. Diamond, of Lucerne.

P. E. C. (Leyton).—A referee may please himself exactly what position he takes up, and may enter the ring and stand within the ropes on any occasion, and for whatever length of time he chooses.

A. L. T. (Kennington).—The 'buses of curious shape you mention are, we believe, not the property of, or connected with, the L.G.O.C. They are from seaside and provincial towns, with a "floating" population, and would have otherwise been in garage during the winter.

Melton (Reading).—Why not the Hackney Furnishing Company?

F. E. R. S. (Rhyl).—Not out of the way! The writer once bought a 9ct. gold watch for £12, which used to strike the hours and the quarters.

Corporal (Windsor).—All ex-regulars are barred from competitions organised for the Territorial Forces at the Military Tournament.

S. Y. W. (Bermondsey).—(a) Datas, the memory man, was at one time an employee at the Beckton Gas Works; (b) Canada, we think!

Nerve (Brighton).—(a) 52; (b) Miss Marie Lloyd once published a list of her living near relatives, with their full names and ages, in the professional papers, as a measure to defeat those who plagiarised her name.

S. T. E. N. (Cranbrook).—No need to be brutal. You are evidently not so good a rider as you will be one day. Anyhow, file the rowels of your spurs down.

# SALE AND EXCHANGE.

**Readers or advertisers** can insert advertisements in this column to buy or sell goods at the rate of 2d. per word. Instructions must be sent with remittance so as to reach this office on or before Tuesday morning of each week. Letters should be addressed: Advertisement Department, 20-21, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.

**Moustaches Forced on Smoothest Face.** Trial supply, 7d. Immediate results. Particulars, 1d. stamp.—Spa Chemical (138) Co., 19, Bride Lane, London.

**Typewriters**: Smith Premier Visible £9 10s., Oliver £5, Remington £4 10s.—Crawford, 9, Coleman Street, London (near Bank). Telephone: Wall, 9730.

**Fortune-telling Chart**, by post 7d.—G. Gaveston, 10, Ludgate Hill, London.

**Bound** set of Harmsworth's Self-Educator (8 vols.); good as new; what offers?—Box 517, "Modern Life."

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**Cycles.**—Lady's and Gentleman's Model de Luxe, purchased September last, latest improvements, including 3-speed B.S.A. gear, accessories, gear cases, perfect. Reason explained. £4 10s. each. Approval willingly. 3, Aubert Park, Highbury, London, N.

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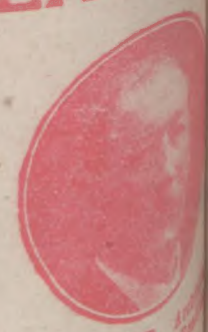

Geo. W. Webb, J.P., 4[illegible] Market Place Chambers, [illegible]

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